

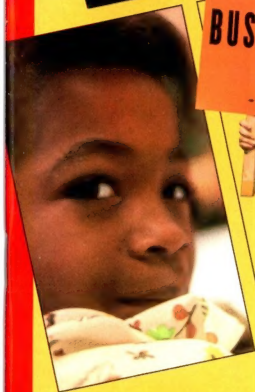
75 CENTS

SEPTEMBER 22, 1975

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TIME

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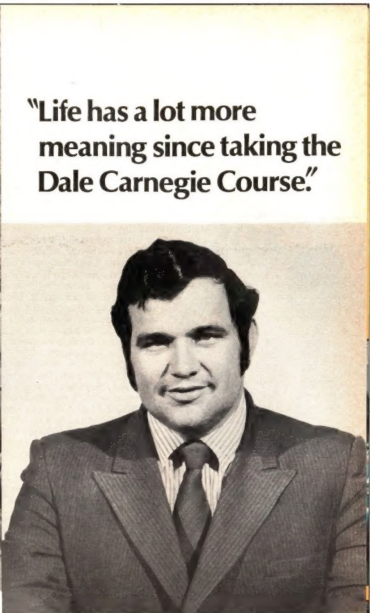
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The opening of the school year, once an occasion for standard feature stories in the press, has acquired a new and formidable significance as the busing issue continues to smolder. "It is a sad sign of the times that covering the opening of school is considered a dangerous breaking news story," says Sandra Burton, chief of TIME's Boston bureau. A veteran observer of desegregation cases in California and Massachusetts—including the violence in Boston last year—Burton spent much of the summer exploring the effect of integration on children's achievements and the likely impact of extending school desegregation beyond the boundaries of increasingly black cities into the largely white suburbs. But when school opened last week, says Burton, "I was forced to shift from pondering and interviewing to the more practical chore of ordering helmets for bureau staffers." Then Burton, Correspondent David Wood and bureau stringers spread out to cover the trouble spots as well as the schools where desegregation has proceeded calmly and successfully.

ANTHONY ELBERT

TIME correspondents in Boston did not have to use the helmets, but Chicago Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate, Correspondent Richard Woodbury and Photographer James De Pree all encountered overt hostility in Louisville: when a group of angry citizens recognized Woodbury as a reporter, they tried to run his car off a back road with their pickup truck. De Pree was the target of a bottle-throwing demonstrator.

In New York, Associate Editor Frank Merrick wrote the cover story, which was researched by Marta Dorion. In a separate section of the cover story, Staff Writer Peter A. Janssen examined the aspects of the quality of education that are central elements in teachers' strikes in New York and other cities.

JANSSEN & MERRICK IN NEW YORK



MOCK COVER

It is illegal to reproduce the logo or cover slash of a magazine for trade purposes. But at a Washington, D.C., charity luncheon last week, Air Force Secretary John L. McLucas had a little fun with the Navy—and with TIME as well. He presented Navy Secretary J. William Middendorf II with a mock TIME cover of a topless dancer performing on board a submarine for ogling sailors. The cover slash: NAVY UNVEILS SECRET WEAPON. McLucas' jape was inspired by the brouhaha that has resulted from Go-Go Dancer Cat Futche's performance on the submarine *Finback* (see THE NATION). Joked McLucas: "Even the Navy thinks \$100 million is too much to spend for a go-go platform."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photographs taken in Louisville by James De Pree (center) and Wm. Franklin McMahon.

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Shaking on the Richter Scale

To the Editors:

While reading your cover story on earthquakes [Sept. 1], I was shaken by a small earthquake (4.4 on the Richter scale), the first to occur in Birmingham in 18 years. Your article was certainly *TIMELY*, and the special effects were outstanding.

Frank C. Galloway Jr.
Birmingham

The "inexorable movement of opposing plates" poses a serious political question. What do we do, 30 million years hence, when Los Angeles gets up around Vancouver?

I think we should make the Canadians take it.

Stephen B. Maurer
Princeton, N.J.

Even after reading your description of a possible disaster, nothing could de-

Feb. 9, 1971. I was hitting the sack about 4 a.m., after entertaining some visiting firemen. An hour and 59 minutes later all hell broke loose. My first reaction was that some unforeseen force was trying to break down the walls of my room. It wasn't a nightmare: the building was moving.

I was on the 17th floor and was positive our building was going to pitch too far and crash to the ground. I have had a couple of close calls flying in two wars, but I have never been more frightened than that morning. And my life did pass before my eyes.

How do I feel about living on a shelf that is moving in the opposite direction from the shelf beneath it? I am surprised to find that I am fatalistic. When those two shelves grinding against each other have had it, maybe so have I.

Ed McMahon
NBC-TV
Burbank, Calif.

Kent State and Guilt

The Kent State verdict [Sept. 8] is one more illustration of the system's refusal to redress the most legitimate grievances of its citizenry. Those who still believe that it is possible to attain fundamental justice from the agencies of a corrupt and decadent power structure have one more tragic example of the uselessness of such misguided faith. Moreover, it is now abundantly clear that white middle-class youngsters are as vulnerable to the system's excesses as are blacks, Indians, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans and poor whites.

William M. Kunstler
New York City

Dissenter Kunstler has been an attorney for the defense at the trials of *Rap Brown*, the *Chicago Seven*, *Attica inmates*, *Wounded Knee Indians* and is now representing *Jack and Micki Scott*.

I do not understand the Kent State lawsuit. Students did riot. Students did violate the civil rights of others.

Walter Marshall
New York City

Messing with Welfare

You state that the "U.S. has the world's worst welfare mess... a monster" [Sept. 1] because we are spending \$45 billion annually on 25 million welfare recipients.

Using your own figures, it seems we spend \$1,800 per year on each welfare recipient. This amounts to \$34.88 per week per person.

Is it really extravagant when the

richest, most wasteful nation on earth spends \$34.88 a week on the poorest 84% of its citizens?

Dennis Kruszynski
San Francisco

Even more disturbing than the swelling welfare rolls, I think, is the large number of welfare frauds.

Six months ago, I noticed that a local judge had toughened up and was sending convicted welfare fraud artists straight to prison.

The day after we broadcast that news story, 50 people called up the welfare office and canceled off the rolls—no reason given.

Carissa Howland
News Reporter KRCR-TV
Redding, Calif.

The Complacent Americans

I was startled to read the story of the "lucrative deals between the Mafia and Teamsters" [Aug. 18]. Do the American people really accept the influence of organized crime in their society so complacently?

José Candido de Silva
Campo Grande, Brazil

"Success brings... money, and money attracts the Mafia," writes *TIME* axiomatically. The CIA turns to the Mafia for help in its foreign intrigues. What has happened to our sense of outrage? I, for one, experience a nauseated feeling when newspapers and magazines write about organized crime as if it were an inescapable fact of life, like the common cold.

Kevin Casey
Cologne, West Germany

Betty's Boudoir

Any assumption that Mrs. Gerald Ford eagerly volunteered to tell me all about her boudoir life [Sept. 1] is very unfair to her.

I brought up the previously published quote, "They've asked me everything but how often I sleep with my husband, and if they'd asked me that, I would have told them," and then asked for a response. Rather than duck the question she answered with humor, "As often as possible." At no time have I heard Mrs. Ford volunteer any smart quips on any of the many subjects the press is currently chastising her for.

Sleeping with one's husband is, presumably, one of the accepted joys of wedlock. The way you asked, one would think her admission was endangering national security. Only last year *TIME* did a cover story that in part took political vows to task for their dreary role playing. Now that we have a First Lady who speaks her mind, she is brand-



stroy our hopes of some day returning to San Francisco—once that unique city is in your blood, nothing can tear you away, not even an earthquake.

Ronnie Feldman
Guadalajara, Mexico

Re the reaction of animals prior to an actual earthquake: a friend in Santiago, Chile, told me that his dog began acting crazy and whining for no reason—except that minutes later came the earthquake.

If dogs can hear whistles beyond the reach of human ears, why not sounds from the earth? And if these are perceptible, surely science can make machines to perceive them.

Frank A. Magary
Miramar, Fla.

As most of my generation will never forget Nov. 22, anyone around Los Angeles that day will never forget

ed as tasteless. No wonder so many political wives hide behind frozen smiles and innocuous comments.

Myra MacPherson
Washington Post
Washington, D.C.

Ipsos Twisto

In your first article on our documentary film *The Second Gun*, revealing that a second weapon may have been used in the R.F.K. assassination, you accused my co-producer Theodore Charach and myself of willfully distorting the facts—"ipso twisto," etc. In your second article, you were tamer. In your third, "Re-checking the Bullets" [Aug. 25], you seem impressed that the Los Angeles board of supervisors and the "prestigious" American Academy of Forensic Sciences are discovering the same facts we brought to Time Inc.'s attention five years ago.

The fourth time around you may even apologize for ridiculing us in your first story.

Gérard Alcan
Hollywood

Super Rip-Off

Ford wants to lift controls [Aug. 25] to "discourage oil use." That, some estimates say, could raise costs "\$400 to \$800 for the average family of four."

But Louisiana builds a \$163 million Superdome that "contains 9,000 tons of air conditioning and heating equipment." Someone's being ripped off. I suspect it's that "average family of four."

Wanda L. Casperson
Marshfield, Wis.

Give Us More Atheists

If the theology of liberation [Sept. 1] is the wave of the future, I can only hope for more atheists. Furnished with such glowing examples of workers' utopias as totalitarian China and Russia, can these new theologians seriously accept the words of Marx and the economics of socialism as valid?

John C. Hilgartner
State College, Pa.

The parallel between Judeo-Christian and Marxist social ethics is ironically correct. Why did it take 100 years for theologians to find out?

Glenn Hallock
Redwood City, Calif.

Those who are exercised about the inequities of capitalism might consider that issue's revelation that the American farmer is ten times more productive than his Soviet counterpart.

Clark T. Irwin Jr.
Northampton, Mass.

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ARE THE ONLY OFFICIAL
NATIONAL MONUMENT
THAT MOVES**



BOYCOTTING STUDENTS AT FAIRDALE HIGH IN JEFFERSON COUNTY, KY.



BUSES BURNED AND BATTERED IN A SCHOOL PARKING LOT

THE WEEKEND EDITION/Sept. 22, 1975 Vol. 106, No. 12

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

The Amnesty Failure

Amnesty, once among the most volatile of national issues, has quietly fizzled. This week the 18-member presidential clemency board will close shop after a year in operation, and its success has been slight. Only 21,000 of the nation's 108,000 convicted Viet Nam-era draft evaders and deserters have applied to the panel. It approved 16,500 of the applications and passed them on to the White House, where the young men were to be granted either full amnesty or conditional amnesty based upon their performance in a year in an alternate-service job such as hospital orderly or park attendant. Just about everybody, however, has skipped out on the jobs. Only 264 of the first 1,000 men assigned to such work have enrolled in the job programs, and officials see no reason to expect the remaining men to be any more enthusiastic about the arrangement.

The Pentagon and the Justice Department administer separate amnesty programs, and their luck has been no better. Of the 10,000 military deserters the Pentagon is aware of, 84 have completed the alternate-service work. The Justice Department deals with the radicals who evaded the draft and went to Canada, Sweden and Third World countries. Of 4,400 men in this category, only 722 have agreed to alternative service in exchange for the dropping of charges of violating the Selective Service laws. There are many egregious offenders who will not be permitted to come back without serving prison sentences. Others will simply come home, hire lawyers and

fight their cases in court, where sentences are generally light or suspended. In many cases, deserters and draft evaders have returned to the fold in their own good time—and on their own terms.

Untrustworthy Custodian?

Shortly after President Ford pardoned Richard Nixon a year ago, he agreed to give him practical control over 42 million documents and 888 reels of secretly recorded conversations from the Nixon presidency. Ford was widely criticized for what seemed extreme kindness toward the man who had elevated him. But last week Ford's Justice Department did its best to take back that gift. In a 100-page brief approved by Attorney General Edward Levi and White House Counsel Philip Buchen, the Administration defended the right of Congress to nullify that Nixon-Ford agreement on the tapes and papers.

The brief opposed Nixon's argument, now being heard by a three-judge federal district court in Washington, that the congressional act of last December giving custody of the materials to the Government infringed on many of the former President's constitutional rights, including his right to privacy. "The minimal invasion of Mr. Nixon's privacy, if any," the brief said, "is heavily outweighed by the need of the American people to be assured that these important historical documents will not be subject to any arbitrary destruction or distortion."

Was the Justice Department suggesting that Nixon might try to obscure his Watergate transgressions by tampering with the materials? Indeed it was. The brief cited several things, including

the infamous 18½-minute gap in one Watergate tape and the misleading tape transcripts that Nixon had issued while President, as indications of his "propensity to distort the historical record." Congress had acted quite "rationally," the brief declared, in perceiving that Nixon was "not a trustworthy custodian" of the tapes and documents.

It was the bluntest language yet by the Ford Administration about Richard Nixon.

Costly Victory

It was a famous victory, of course, when George Washington and a doughy band of patriots crossed the ice-choked Delaware River on Dec. 25, 1776, and went on to rout the Christmas-dazed Hessians in Trenton, N.J. Indeed it has become a bit too famous, in the view of many residents of Hopewell Township, N.J. (current population 12,000), where Washington came ashore. They fear vast armies of Americans will mark the Bicentennial by descending on their rural area, which is the home of Washington Crossing State Park. Local estimates are that as many as 4 million visitors may come.

Hopewell officials claim they would have to spend \$1 million to handle the crowds. So town fathers are considering 1) seeking a court injunction to prevent the state from making improvements at the park, and 2) suing both state and Federal Government for the extra money to accommodate the throngs. "We do not want to be cast as unpatriotic," says Township Committeeman Christopher Bannister, "but we resent the idea that we should give a birthday party for the nation and have to foot the bill."



AFTER A RIOT BY WHITES IN LOUISVILLE



ANTIBUSING DEMONSTRATORS AT BOSTON'S CITY HALL

THE NATION

SCHOOLS/COVER STORY

The Busing Dilemma



A BUSED STUDENT IN SUBURBAN LOUISVILLE

Carrying books and paper-bag lunches, some 200 inner-city black boys and girls walked quickly but quietly from five yellow school buses, past dozens of armed state and county troopers, and into Louisville's suburban Valley High School. Nervously they joked among themselves about the curious stares from dozens of white students pressing against the school's windows. Within minutes the same buses left, carrying a handful of apprehensive white boys and girls to the formerly all-black Shawnee High School on the city's west side. Muttered a woman driver: "I'm ashamed and worried. But this is something that we've got to make the best of."

At roughly the same time in Boston, about 500 police in riot gear and federal marshals surrounded shabby Charlestown High School, in the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument. Armed with a high-powered rifle, a police sharpshooter carefully watched a sullen crowd of whites as three yellow buses unloaded 66 black boys and girls. They showed their student identification cards to school officials, passed through an electronic metal detector that checked for weapons, and walked into the gray stone building. Later that day, a band of 100 white youths rampaged down Monument Street, overturning three Volkswagens, and other angry whites beat up a black student at near-

by Bunker Hill College. Thus, in scenes that have become a fall ritual since the Supreme Court outlawed segregated schools in 1954, classes opened last week in the two cities that are the primary targets in this year's battle over busing. There were surprisingly few violent incidents, in part because of the massive show of strength by law authorities in both cities, which included standby contingents of National Guardsmen. Even so, this year's efforts to desegregate schools in Boston, Louisville and at least 18 other cities promise to be a searing experience for both blacks and whites, chiefly because of a growing national concern about school desegregation and its much-hated stepchild, forced busing. As the ideal of integration moved from merely opening up all-white schools to blacks toward the far more difficult aim of achieving a balance in schools that does not exist in society, too much of the burden of social advance was placed on the yellow school buses.

Busing began as a well-intentioned idea to help eliminate a shameful American condition. But it ran against the deepest instincts of a clear majority of whites and quite a few blacks as well. The issue involves extremely painful conflicts of conscience and of law.

As a unanimous Supreme Court has repeatedly ruled for 21 years, the law and the Constitution require that public schools be desegregated. Because of



ARRESTING A DEMONSTRATOR IN BOSTON
Hail Marys and Molotov cocktails.

neighborhood segregation, the only feasible way to integrate many urban schools is by busing students. Antibusing groups have tried and failed to get Congress to approve a constitutional amendment that would ban forced busing. Time and again Congress has prohibited the use of federal funds to pay for busing, but federal courts have ruled that this does not absolve the cities of the obligation to integrate schools by busing. In sum, barring an unlikely reversal of previous opinions by the Supreme Court, forced busing is here to stay for the foreseeable future and will spread to more cities.

Many black leaders regard the opposition to busing of Northern and Border-state cities like Boston and Louisville as racist and no different from the Deep South's efforts to block school desegregation in the 1950s and early 1960s. As the title of a bitter N.A.A.C.P. report put it: *It's Not the Distance, It's the Nig-*

THE NATION

gers. Observes Kenneth Clark, a black psychologist and leading education theorist: "The North is trying to get away with what the South tried. If the North succeeds, and I don't think that it will, it will make a mockery of our courts and laws." But other black leaders are far less certain and wonder whether busing really moves their cause forward.

The cruel dilemma over busing has caused parents, both black and white, to raise a series of legitimate questions to which there are no easy answers: Is forced busing to balance schools racially worth all the uproar? Does it produce better schooling for disadvantaged black youngsters and no loss for the white youngsters?

Once, the answer to both was widely thought to be yes. But researchers have raised gnawing doubts about these propositions—without necessarily disproving them. Moreover, forced busing or the threat of it has accelerated the white flight to the suburbs, leaving the inner cities increasingly nonwhite. In this situation, urban desegregation may mean little more than spreading a dwindling white minority among overwhelmingly black and increasingly mediocre schools, with minimal benefit for either race. In short, does school desegregation improve or worsen race relations? Are there alternatives to busing for achieving desegregation and improving the education of black children?

Questions such as these have profoundly shaken the formerly strong national coalition of support for school integration. Besides, moral backing for busing long ago disappeared from the White House. Echoing his predecessor's doubts, President Ford recently observed: "I don't think that forced busing to achieve racial balance is the proper way to get quality education." Instead he called for "better school facilities, lower teacher-pupil ratios, the improvement of neighborhoods as such." Similarly, local politicians like Louisville Mayor Harvey I. Sloane and Boston

Mayor Kevin White have misgivings about busing. Says White: "To pursue blindly a means that may not be correct is to use one wrong to correct another." Even black mayors like Coleman Young of Detroit and Maynard Jackson of Atlanta have reservations about busing, largely because they want to avoid driving out the small minority of whites who remain in their cities' public schools.

Given the supercharged atmosphere in Louisville and Boston, law-enforcement authorities feared that last week's relative calm might be only temporary. In Louisville, officials were sternly determined that the previous weekend's vi-

olent antibusing protests by whites (TIME, Sept. 15) would not be repeated. The rioting, burning of buses and looting of stores badly damaged the great political ambitions of the county's chief executive, Judge Todd Hollenbach, who delayed calling on city and state police for help until after the rampaging crowds were out of control. U.S. District Court Judge James Gordon, who had originally ordered an exchange of 22,600 students between the largely black schools in the city and the predominantly white schools of suburban Jefferson County, banned demonstrations near the 165 public schools and gatherings of more than three persons along the school bus routes.

At first, demonstrators defied Gordon's order. For four hours on Sunday night, several thousand unruly whites, blaring their cars' horns and shouting bitter epithets ("In God we trust, in Gordon we don't!" and "Keep the niggers out!"), clogged four-lane Preston Highway. Gradually, however, some 400 disciplined state troopers cleared the highway, sometimes smashing windshields or subduing demonstrators with 3-ft. riot sticks.

Next morning, under the watchful eyes of 2,500 police and National Guardsmen, the 470 school buses began rolling long before dawn, each carrying an armed guard. In obedience to Gordon's order, however, there were only occasional white demonstrators along the routes or at the schools. Indeed, by week's end, a boycott of the schools by whites had become largely ineffective; on Friday, 77.3% of the merged city-county district's enrollment of 120,000 students (20% black) attended schools, up from 50% a week earlier.

Behind locked doors, teachers and students went about the business of education, uneasy yet remarkably undisturbed by the tensions in the community. Said Bart Coonce, 15, a white senior at Fairdale High School: "We're all against busing, but now we should try to make it work." Argued Joe Barnett, 17, a white senior at Shawnee High School: "The problem is parents." Added Dawn Babbage, 16, a white sophomore at Shawnee: "Mom was afraid at first and I was too, but I think that it is going to be okay." Said Reggie Foster, 16, a black sophomore at Valley High: "If people don't bother me, I know that I can get a better education here."

This mood elated city and county officials. But they realized that opposition to busing had been broken only by the weekend show of force; such security will be difficult to maintain for more than another week or two. Tensions in the blue-collar neighborhoods seemed likely to remain high for some time to come, and were fanned by antibusing leaders like Bill Kellerman, automobile assembly plant foreman and president of Citizens Against Busing, which claims to have 400 followers. He vowed: "Ken-





Boston police in action last week.
 Surveying trouble area from roof of
 Charlestown High School (left).
 Blocking street near Bunker Hill
 Monument (middle). Arresting an
 antibusing demonstrator (bottom
 left). Escorting line of school
 buses (bottom right).



Kentucky State policeman guarding children on bus heading for Louisville school (right). Antibusing protester in Louisville (middle, left). Black student leaving a Boston bus for class (center). Turning flag upside down as a sign of protest in Boston (middle, right). ROAR antibusing rally in Boston's City Hall Plaza (bottom).



tucky will sit still no longer. We will make Boston look like nothing."

Meanwhile, on the day before schools opened in Boston, some 8,000 whites rallied outside city hall to protest the federal court's desegregation order, waving placards (sample slogan: "If Boston is lucky, it'll be twice as bad as Kentucky") and cheering defiant speeches. Last year 18,200 of the city's 94,000 pupils were assigned to be bused to desegregate 80 public schools; last week 26,000 students were supposed to be bused to 162 schools. City Councilwoman Louise Day Hicks, an inflammatory foe, urged the crowd to continue last year's boycott of the schools and vowed, "Whatever is going to happen in Boston is going to set the tone for the forced-busing issue elsewhere."

Despite the rhetoric, and in contrast to last year's disruptions, almost all the school openings were uneventful. But there were two trouble spots: the high schools in the blue-collar neighborhoods of Charlestown and South Boston. At both, police and federal marshals cordoned off the bused black students from the crowds of angry white protesters. The main confrontation took place in Charlestown, where about 200 white mothers, chanting Hail Marys, tried to push their way through the police lines.

Sporadic violence erupted every night, chiefly scattered skirmishes involving white youths who hurled rocks and beer bottles at police. Some whites were also irate that Senator Edward Kennedy has urged compliance with the court's busing order. The house in Brookline where John F. Kennedy was born was damaged by a Molotov cocktail. Painted on the front sidewalk was a piece of angry advice: BUS TEDDY.

By week's end attendance had risen to 68.4%, up from the 48% average during the yearlong white boycott in 1974-75, and was giving school officials some reason to hope that the boycott was crumbling. Said Lou Perullo, a school department statistician: "As parents see that it's safe, they are sending their kids." Observed Phyllis Curtis, an anti-busing mother of four non-boycotting children in South Boston: "Some parents would keep their children out of school for five years to stop the busing. But the kids would have to pay the price. When they look for jobs, they won't find them because they'll have no education. That's not healthy, not for them and not for the community."

Still, emotions were high inside many schools. Said Karen O'Leary, 15, a white freshman at South Boston High School: "It's very strange. We just eye each other." Added a white schoolmate, Susan Downs, 15: "It's scary. With the black kids coming in, it's getting more and more tense. You can't trust anybody because you never know what they'll do." Kenny Williams, a black student at Boston's Hyde Park High School,

found that "everything is cool right now. Of course all the white kids here are being nice to us, but you know they're sneaky and probably at some point they will try something." Added Malinda Brown, 15, a black junior who is bused to Charlestown High School: "I don't want to graduate from there. I'd rather go to my old school. I felt more free there." Indeed, as in Louisville, there was widespread concern that the uneasy peace in the city might end in violence once the National Guardsmen and federal marshals were withdrawn.

Boston and Louisville demonstrated anew that Northern cities are no happier with school desegregation than their counterparts in the South. Since the historic Supreme Court decision of 1954 that separate schools can never be equal, hundreds of communities have been forced by the courts to desegregate. Most are in the South, which had dual black and white school systems for nearly a century. More recently, the N.A.A.C.P. and other civil rights organizations have successfully challenged the legality of segregated schools in the North. They argue that such official actions as building schools in all-black or all-white neighborhoods and racial gerrymandering of district boundaries also constitute illegal segregation.

To remedy such situations, the federal courts have frequently ordered cities to bus children to neighborhoods far from their homes. In addition to Boston and Louisville, cities now being forced by courts to bus include Miami, Corpus Christi and Beaumont, Texas; Charlotte, N.C.; Denver; San Francisco; Springfield, Mass.; and Riverside, Calif.

Other cities are under court order to begin busing to desegregate schools by the next school year. Among them Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Omaha, and Wilmington, Del. Desegregation suits have been filed in still other communities, including Philadelphia, Baltimore, Dayton and St. Louis County. Eventually, suits are likely to be brought to court in Chicago, New York and other cities where schools are largely segregated, even though the cause is most often housing patterns. The chances are very good that these communities will be ordered to bus.

So far the Supreme Court has not upheld the civil rights lawyers' argument that busing should be required between city and suburban schools in cases where the city schools have a majority of nonwhites. In the celebrated case of Detroit, whose schools are 71.5% black, the Supreme Court reasoned in 1974 that since there had been no complicity between the city and its suburbs to segregate schools, the suburbs could not be forced to help remedy the city's problem. In contrast, a federal appellate court last year found that Louisville and its suburbs had deliberately segregated students and for that reason ordered the Jefferson County

schools to exchange white pupils for blacks from the city's schools.

Surveys have repeatedly shown that a majority of Americans, both black and white, overwhelmingly favor integration but oppose busing to accomplish it in schools. Part of the opposition is racist: much is based on fears among both black and white parents that desegregation will endanger the children. In addition, white parents fear that busing will lead to lowered academic standards. Compounding parents' worries is that the experience of those cities that have had forced busing is somewhat confusing and contradictory. Examples:

CHARLOTTE, N.C. Tensions ran high when a federal judge ordered cross-dis-



FRISKING A STUDENT FOR WEAPONS IN BOSTON
An uneasy peace that might end soon.

trict busing to desegregate schools in Charlotte and suburban Mecklenburg County in 1970. Racial fights erupted, sometimes among hundreds of students. One in every six white students transferred to private schools. But whites have gradually if rather grudgingly accepted the busing of 23,000 of the district's 75,000 pupils, in part because there are some limits to the number of years that each pupil will be bused. Later the racial composition of the merged schools has stabilized at about 35% black. As gauged by national achievement tests in reading and math, student achievement has been unaffected.

PONTIAC, MICH. Racial confrontations, the bombing of buses and a school boycott made Pontiac a national symbol of white resistance to busing in 1971.



THE WOODSES WITH BYRON (LEFT), MARLYCE, 4, & KEN



THE MCCAULEYS WITH DAVID (LEFT), DEBBIE & DANNY

Different Families, Different Worries

On the night before school began in Louisville, Elmer Woods, a brewing company sales supervisor, took his sons, Byron, 13, and Kenneth, 12, aside. "Keep cool and watch yourselves," he told them. "No matter what they yell at you, just ignore it."

Next morning, the boys got up at 5:45 a.m. to have breakfast before their father drove them ten blocks to catch a school bus at 6:50 a.m. Then they rode for 40 minutes to cover 16 miles to their new school, Stuart High, in suburban Jefferson County. The bus was pelted with rocks; passing motorists honked horns as a sign of antibusing protest and hurled racial insults. But there was no serious trouble at school, and the Woodses, a black middle-class family with an income of \$20,000, felt the ordeal was well worthwhile.

That does not mean they enjoy busing. "I'm really not for it," says Woods. "I'd much rather have the boys closer to home." Last year Ken walked to Martin Luther King School, only two blocks from his trim red brick home in the city's predominantly black West End. Byron attended Shawnee Junior High School, ten blocks away. Says the boys' mother, Mary, a medical lab technician at Jewish Hospital: "If there was a better way of bringing about racial equality in the schools, we'd go for it, but there doesn't seem to be."

Mrs. Woods frets, too, about the boys being so far from home. Both may want to stay after school for sports. To accommodate them, Woods says he is ready to drive out late every afternoon to pick them up.

But neither the parents nor the boys consider those disadvantages as too much. They have found the Stuart curriculum much broader than anything in the West End schools. Byron, who has been weak in math, is pleased that he can take an extra math course to catch up. "I know that I'm going to have to work harder," he says, "but I can do it. The teachers are closer to you here. They explain things more." Ken is taking an elective in chess. Neither had any problems with white classmates on opening day. Said Byron of one white boy: "I sat down in class; then he did. I moved closer, and pretty soon we were friends."

For the parents, the most important factor is the educational opportunities now offered to their boys. Says Woods about the busing plan: "It's the best thing that has happened since the Supreme Court ruling of 1954. We're 20 years late, but it is going to better my kids." Noting that white students will be bused out of their neighborhoods for only two years, while the arrangement is long-term for blacks, he wonders, "Can't they stand something for two years? We have suffered much more than they have."

Mrs. Woods notes that she had not been closely exposed to whites until college. "Why must someone wait half his life for that?" she asks. "If busing is going to mean a long struggle, then so be it." Nevertheless, Mrs. Woods is worried. "What," she asks, "is going to happen after all the police leave?"

On the day of school opening in Louisville, the three children of Al and Mildred McCauley—David, 15, Danny, 14, and Debbie, 10—remained in their brick home in Highview, a white middle-class suburb in Jefferson County. Debbie, who was not scheduled for busing and could have attended her old school a few blocks away, asked, "Mommy, when can I go? If I don't pretty soon, I'm going to be far behind." Mrs. McCauley shook her head and looked away.

McCauley, a dry-wall finisher from the Kentucky hill country, and his wife, an articulate spokeswoman for Save Our Community Schools, are keeping their children home to protest the busing plan. Their two boys would have had to get up at 6:35 a.m. and ride a bus for 50 minutes to reach Parkland Junior High, a black ghetto school 22 miles away in Louisville. "They won't go there—ever," vows Mrs. McCauley.

The parents object primarily to what they consider the inferior education and disorderly conditions at Parkland. Mrs. McCauley visited it last year and claims that "it hadn't been painted in eight years. There was no maintenance." Moreover, they have heard rumors of stabbings, rapes and other crimes in the Parkland neighborhood.

Fern Creek, the school the boys attended last year, has a minor drug problem, but its neighborhood is bucolic by comparison. David, who is already one year behind in school, feels he would slip further at Parkland: "It won't help me. I don't see why I should have to go." Agrees Danny: "I like Fern Creek. I don't like Parkland."

The McCauleys understand blacks who want to go to better schools. "But," asks McCauley, "why don't they just upgrade their schools? I just can't see sending my children in there to get a lower education so that they can get a better one."

More broadly, the McCauleys feel put upon by Government. "We've been shoved," says Mrs. McCauley. "Unemployment is running wild; inflation is killing us. Now the Federal Government steps in and orders this busing. We're fighting for our freedom as Americans." Sadly she adds, "I get up some mornings and feel like I want to secede."

They are even wondering about whether to stay in Highview. But they figure their house is worth \$38,000 and so many homes in the outlying country are for sale that they doubt they can get what they want for it.

So the boys sit idle, watching TV and helping their parents with various chores. Police had sealed off the nearby schools; thus Danny for a time could not play tennis there as he did this summer. Debbie plays with neighborhood youngsters but appears confused. "Busing—yeesh. It stinks," she says.

As the boycott seems to lose momentum, the McCauleys worry that truancy charges may be brought against the children. "We feel like there's a gun in our back," protests Mrs. McCauley. They say they would never resort to violence to block busing. But, predicts McCauley, "after the Guard leaves, all hell is going to break loose."

Since then, tempers have cooled, and School Superintendent Dana Whitmer considers the busing program, which includes 15,500 of the city's 20,193 public school students, a qualified success. He concedes that overall test scores in reading and math have declined slightly because high-achieving white students from affluent families have left the district. But Whitmer maintains that individual achievement for both blacks and whites has remained the same and that "the outlook is good if we can maintain a stable, integrated population." That will be difficult; in four years, the percentage of blacks in Pontiac's schools has risen from 37.3% to 41.9% as a result of a white flight.

JACKSONVILLE. Because of advance planning for busing, in which advisory groups of both white and black parents exchanged views and worked together in other ways to reduce tensions, Jacksonville experienced only minor disturbances in 1972, when students were first bused. Still, during the next two years, about 10,000 white pupils transferred to private "segregation academies," leaving the public schools 30% black. The city now buses 22,114 of its 111,000 public-school students. According to Associate Superintendent Don Johnson, national test scores indicate that desegregation has resulted in "significant benefit for the black student and no loss of achievement for the white student."

DENVER. Contrary to many fears, Denver had no violence last year when it began busing a third of its 78,000 students (19% nonwhite) to desegregate all

public schools. One reason for the calm: a court-appointed advisory council of blacks and whites defused tensions. Though white parents withdrew 7,000 children from the schools, many of them have since re-enrolled.

PASADENA, CALIF. This city peacefully integrated its public schools in 1970 by busing 43% of its 26,000 students. Since then, says School District Administrator Peter Hagen, white students' achievement in the nearly integrated schools has actually improved, but "we have not been able to bring the black and brown students' scores up to the performances of whites and Orientals." White parents transferred about 7,500 pupils to private and parochial schools; only about 120 subsequently returned to public schools, leaving them 58% non-white, up from 46% in 1970.

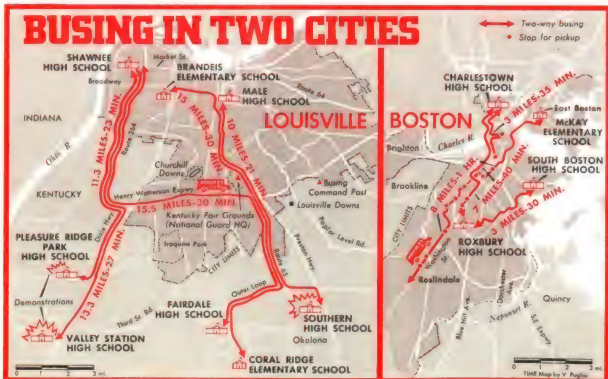
In sum, busing is most likely to be accomplished peacefully when 1) the number of nonwhites in each school is less than 40%; 2) students are not bused to schools that are inferior to the ones that they previously attended; 3) schools are near enough so that the parents of the bused students can easily stay involved in them; 4) most parents, educators and city officials are committed to preventing disturbances; and 5) black-white advisory groups are formed to defuse problems in advance.

Many parents—both black and white—believe that forced busing is futile unless it can be demonstrated to benefit black children. Some blacks consider it demeaning to pursue whites farther and farther out into the suburbs. On the

other hand, long experience has shown that predominantly black schools in many instances are shortchanged by white-dominated school boards. Ghetto schools frequently are badly equipped and poorly maintained, have fewer textbooks and less experienced teachers because more senior teachers transfer to middle-class schools. Still, there is no conclusive evidence, despite hundreds of studies, that desegregation improves the school achievement of black children from lower-income families. Whether or not it does, integration remains a moral imperative in a decent democratic society.

The central argument for school integration as a means of improving black students' learning was framed in 1966 by Sociologist James Coleman, now at the University of Chicago. He found that children of all races from disadvantaged backgrounds did "somewhat better" in schools that were predominantly middle-class than in schools that were mostly lower-class. Moreover, the presence of the poor children did not seem to hinder the progress of the more privileged pupils. Although his study involved social classes, not race, Coleman and others immediately used his research as evidence in favor of school integration. Rather optimistically, Coleman once predicted that it would substantially close the gap between black and white academic achievement.

Later research, however, has not borne out his forecast. In a new study





CHILDREN LEAVING A SUCCESSFULLY INTEGRATED SCHOOL IN RICHARDSON, TEXAS
With forced busing, the white middle class may not stay around.

called *Still a Dream*, Sar A. Levitan, William B. Johnston and Robert Taggart concluded that "the weight of the evidence seems to suggest that integration in the schools can make small improvements in black IQ and achievement." Still other researchers find the evidence too contradictory to support any overall findings.

Coleman has recently cooled his enthusiasm for busing and believes that it drives too many whites out of the city school systems and leaves blacks with many of the same school problems as before. He cites the eight largest cities in the U.S. that have desegregated schools to some extent in recent years. Based on past history, they should have lost 7% of their white students between 1969 and 1973; instead, they lost 26%.

Urban school systems in both the South and the North are getting blacker, as white parents continue to transfer their children to private systems or move to the suburbs. Since court-ordered desegregation went into effect in Memphis in 1973, the white enrollment in the schools has declined from 50% to 30%. Schools in Inglewood, Calif., were 62% white when integrated in 1970; now they are 80% nonwhite, and a federal court agreed in May to let the city abandon court-ordered busing since it no longer can accomplish desegregation.

The most vehement objections to busing are raised by lower-class whites who regard blacks as an economic threat. Says Harvard Psychologist Robert Coles: "The ultimate reality is the reality of class. Having and not having is the real issue. To talk only in terms of racism is to miss the point. Lower-income whites and blacks are both competing for a very limited piece of pie." Illustrating that point, Social Worker Jerry Carey of South Boston observes: "I know that there's no way that my sons will get to Harvard, even if they have good grades, because the admis-

sions committee will throw the Irish out and pick the blacks. That's crazy. It's also depressing as hell."

Experts disagree over whether forced busing will ultimately lead to better race relations or harden attitudes and breed a new generation of racists. After examining 120 studies, Sociologist Nancy St. John of the University of Massachusetts found no definitive answers but decided that desegregation worsened race relations in quite a few cases. James Deslonde, an education professor at Stanford University, drew similar conclusions from a study of 1,200 fourth-through eighth-graders in the integrated schools of San Mateo County, south of San Francisco. He reported that peer pressure prevented 35% of the students from forming friendships across racial lines. Further, most black youngsters experienced "high levels of anxiety within the school setting," chiefly because they considered themselves to be poorer students than the whites.

Blacks themselves are sharply divided over busing. Wilson Riles, superintendent of public instruction in California, argues: "If you have to have blacks sitting next to Caucasians to learn, we are in a mess, because two-thirds of the world is nonwhite, and we would not have enough whites to go around. If the schools are effective and children learn, that is the easiest way to achieve the ultimate goal of integration." Retorts Kenneth Clark: "There is no such thing as improvement in the schools while they are still segregated. As long as we have segregated schools, I see no alternative to busing. Integration is a painful job. It is social therapy, and like personal therapy it is not easy." Kenneth Tollett, director of Washington's Institute for the Study of Education Policy, calls for busing to undergo "almost a cost-benefit analysis" to determine its worth. He notes further: "The difference is not blacks v. whites but underclass v. middle class."

William Raspberry, a Washington

THE NATION

Past columnist, writes: "A lot of us are wondering whether the busing game is worth the prize. Some of us aren't even sure just what the prize is supposed to be. Most whites have long since accepted the notion that segregation is wrong. But on the other hand, precious few whites, North or South, feel any guilt in resisting the disruption of their children's education by busing them to distant schools because those schools are 'too black.' Nor is there much more enthusiasm among black parents for large-scale busing for the primary purpose of racial integration."

Even Linda Brown Smith, 32, whose father brought the suit against Topeka, Kans., schools that resulted in the Supreme Court's historic 1954 decision, has reservations about busing but sees no alternative to it. Says she: "To get racial balance in the school system I would have my children bused [her son and daughter walk to integrated schools]. This is what my father was fighting for more than 20 years ago."

The bitter and seemingly endless debate over busing had led many politicians and educators to predict that it will be abandoned as a tool for desegregating schools. Declares a university president in Massachusetts: "Busing is a cause whose time has passed." There is a danger that opposition to busing will be used as a pretext to fight the principle of desegregation itself. The dilemma for the nation is that busing cannot be abandoned in many cities without pushing back desegregation, because of the large distances separating black and white neighborhoods. That in turn could well lead to what educators term "urban apartheid."

To achieve integration through evolution (better incomes for blacks, better housing, in time leading to peaceful mixed neighborhoods) would obviously be excruciatingly slow. Thus busing will remain inevitable and perhaps necessary in some situations. But it is clearly not a good solution. To replace it, eventually, it is necessary to 1) make far greater use of other methods of school integration, admittedly slower and less dramatic, but perhaps more efficient in the long run; 2) upgrade the education of black youngsters in the inner city to speed the otherwise slow process of bringing them into the middle class; 3) fight for racial harmony beyond the schools and thus ease the tensions that have made school desegregation a volatile issue.

One limited approach would be to build new schools on the borders between black and white neighborhoods to make integration possible without busing. Another method would be to create more "magnet schools," which are designed to improve the education of blacks and also attract some whites. For example, Trotter High School, which was built in Boston's Roxbury ghetto in



NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST WILLIAM RASPBERRY
Some hope in voluntary moves.

1969, was heavily funded, staffed with some of Boston's best teachers, and given an exciting, innovative curriculum including fine arts courses. The result: before the city schools were disrupted by busing, Trotter was two-thirds black and yet had a long waiting list of whites. Just this year, previously all-black Hamilton Park Elementary School in the Dallas suburb of Richardson was turned into a model magnet school that is totally integrated. It offers an outstanding curriculum including courses in gymnastics, drama and music, and a 16-to-1 pupil-teacher ratio; 80% of the faculty hold masters' degrees. Last week 289 white students voluntarily began attending the school, balancing 265 blacks.

Such schools usually are far too expensive to be anything more than glamorous exceptions. But there are less costly approaches. In an effort to ease the antibusing sentiment among whites, Boston this year has paired nearly two-thirds of its schools with 22 colleges and universities, using \$900,000 in state funds, the schools are planning new curriculums, teacher workshops and model language programs to improve the quality of instruction. The program's success cannot be measured for at least several months, but the schools averaged 6% higher enrollments than others in Boston last week.

Instead of forced busing, Columnist Raspberry recommends that students be allowed to transfer voluntarily to any school where they would improve the racial balance. Such a policy, he notes, would "not generate the fear-spawned opposition that busing has generated." That, indeed, has been the experience in Portland, Ore., which already uses a voluntary transfer system. To date, 2,700 pupils, mostly black, have shifted to schools in white neighborhoods that have vacancies. Since whites are not forced to send their children to predominantly black schools, there has been no white flight from the city because of the transfer program.

The nation needs a greater commitment to improving the education of

blacks, both those who remain in inner-city schools and those who are bused to predominantly white schools. Says a Baltimore school administrator: "These children aren't born retarded. We just haven't figured out how to teach them; so they end up functionally retarded." Tim Black, a Chicago community college teacher, has found college-level black students "who are very interested and highly motivated but cannot read above the first- or second-grade level."

Part of the solution, educators generally agree, is to concentrate on the earliest grades. Despite some contradictory evidence, many studies show that Head Start, a federal early-learning program, has improved black educational skills, particularly when the children go on to fairly sound schools. On the other hand, the gains are quickly lost if the pupils enter inferior schools. Most educators, therefore, call for spending more to upgrade the teachers at black schools and expanding Head Start.

Motivation remains a basic problem for black students. Says Phyllis Denny, a black counselor at Denver's Hamilton Junior High School: "White students feel a great deal of academic pressure. They are trying to fulfill goals set by their parents, while black kids are concerned about meeting goals set for themselves." That statement obviously does not apply to middle-class black students, who are as highly motivated as their white counterparts. But poor black students often have low self-esteem and lack pressure from their parents to do well in school. In integrated schools, there can also be a debilitating double standard for dealing with students. Complaints Omar Blair, a black member of the Denver board of education: "Teachers don't discipline black students because they say that they are afraid of the conse-

quences. Black students roam the halls and are ignored. Teachers allow black kids to talk back to them and won't do anything about it. In contrast, white kids would be sent to the principal."

Even worse, white teachers frequently push black students through the system without caring much whether they have learned anything. Says St. Louis University Instructor Ernest Calloway: "The expectation of the teacher is very low. One of the problems is raising the expectation so the child will be told, 'You can learn. You will learn.' " Good teaching indeed can motivate black students. For example, in Oakland, some 1,400 black underachievers have received remedial instruction since 1968 in math, English and science; 1,120 have gone on to college.

One approach to motivating black students would be to give new emphasis to programs that lead to technical careers, either directly from high school or after college. Kenneth Tollett notes that "Power in this society is increasingly in the hands of the technocrats. Blacks will be frozen in a sub-class if they do not increase their numbers among the technocrats."

The alternative to what Tollett and others are worrying about is the familiar vicious cycle, which may begin with segregation in housing but leads inevitably to segregation in schools and ultimately to segregation on the job and a permanent black underclass. Most experts still agree that better schooling for blacks offers the soundest hope of breaking that pattern. There are no quick or painless ways to achieve equal educational opportunity, but that is no reason to abandon it as a goal.

Court-ordered busing obviously will remain part of the effort to achieve that goal for quite a while. But given the feeling of most Americans, and its own built-in shortcomings, busing is plainly neither a long-range solution nor the best instrument to bring one about.

LINDA BROWN SMITH IN 1952 & TODAY



Teachers: In a Striking Mood

They had waited for more than an hour inside Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, chatting, comparing rumors and singing songs: "The union makes us strong." "Shanker is our leader/ we will not be used." Then just after 7 p.m., their leader finally arrived. Wary and bleary-eyed after a deadlocked, daylong bargaining session, Albert Shanker walked onto the floodlit stage as 20,000 New York City schoolteachers stomped and cheered. "This is the greatest teacher turnout in the history of the world!" Shanker cried. Over the next 20 minutes he denounced conditions in the city schools ("deplorable") and at the negotiating table ("we're running around in circles"), pausing often for applause and once to let a TV camera crew get their equipment ready. Then he called for the strike vote and smiled broadly as the teachers responded with a tumultuous "Aye! Aye! Aye!"

With that, Albert Shanker's United Federation of Teachers union (membership: 81,000) ignored a New York State no-strike law and shut down the nation's largest public school system for the third time in eight years. Classrooms in the city's 976 public schools were virtually

empty on the day after they had opened for the new school year as most of the city's 1.1 million schoolchildren resumed their summer vacations. As the courts and city officials pondered ways to get the schools open again, hundreds of striking teachers manned picket lines, carrying signs proclaiming that 45 KIDS PER CLASS IS NO CLASS and TEACHERS ARE PEOPLE TOO.

Shanker's teachers had plenty of company on the nation's sidewalks as walkouts shut down schools in many cities and towns across the U.S. But the New York strike was by far the most serious, given the size of the city's school system and the shakiness of its finances. Although the New York State leg-

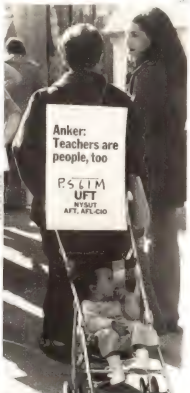
islature last week set up an emergency plan by which \$2.3 billion could be raised to enable the city to pay its bills through December, New York's financial crisis remained perilous. The city's deepening shortage of cash and credit, coinciding with the approach of another school year and negotiations for a new teachers' contract, put Shanker in a difficult spot.

Behind him Shanker had New York's militant teachers; they were used to getting what they wanted in the past and were convinced that, as one school employee from Long Island City put it at the strike rally in the Garden, "the money will be found, the money will be there." But for the first time since he became the U.F.T.'s chief in 1964, Shanker had to negotiate a contract with a school board that had virtually no money to offer. Indeed, the board had \$231 million less to spend this year than last, out of a total budget of \$2.8 billion. As a result, the board laid off 17,000 teachers, substitutes, counselors, guards, aides, secretaries and others on the payroll.

To keep class size from soaring, the board demanded that the remaining teachers spend more time in the classroom. New York's teachers are among the best paid in the nation. They also work one of the shortest days—six hours and 20 minutes—of teachers in any large city (see chart page 18). The board wanted them to work an extra half-hour; it also wanted to cut some teachers' sick days from ten to five a year and reduce the number of their preparation periods. Most elementary teachers have two 45-minute prep periods a week; high school teachers have five. Shanker admitted that prep periods, which are nominally intended for schoolwork, are often used by teachers to "smoke, knit and shoot the breeze." But the union refused to compensate for a reduced number of teachers by raising maximum class sizes above the 32 students for elementary school, 33 for junior high and 34 for high school as stipulated in the old contract. (Although common sense suggests that pupils receive more of a teacher's attention in a small class, there are no definitive studies proving students learn more when class size is reduced.)

As negotiations stalled on the first day of school, when the old contract expired, class size loomed as the principal issue. At this point, Shanker was prepared to ask the teachers to keep working under the old contract, but the board, unwilling to be locked into the old rules on class size, was not interested. Neither, as it turned out, were the teachers. At an afternoon meeting of the union's 1,270-member delegate assembly, teachers stood up one after another and told horror stories. One reported that she had

CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT: STRIKING TEACHERS PICKETING IN NEW YORK CITY, IN CHICAGO, IN BERKELEY, CALIF.



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60 pupils in her class—"six-oh"—and elicited a loud moan of sympathy. A first-grade teacher related how she spent the morning escorting her 48 pupils to the bathroom. Others told how strangers were able to wander around school corridors, no longer deterred by the guards, who had been laid off.

When the delegate assembly voted overwhelmingly for a walkout, Shanker went off to the Garden to seek a strike vote from the membership. "The issues have never been clearer," he declared. "The issue is conditions in the schools. Not only is there no education, but there is danger to the babies and the baby sitters."

The pickets had hardly hit the

streets the next day when the school board obtained a temporary restraining order under a state law preventing strikes by public employees. Although this raised the possibility that Shanker could be jailed if the walkout continued, at week's end the court postponed enforcing the order in the hope that the strike could be settled quickly.

Times are likely to become worse for New York's schools as budget cuts begin to eat into teacher rosters and programs. At P.S. 340, a neat, well-tended elementary school in the predominantly black and Puerto Rican South Bronx, Principal Larcelia Kebe worries about managing a full complement of 825 students with fewer teachers this year: 15

of her 35 teachers have been laid off or transferred, as have 13 of her 17 para-professionals (trainees who work with regular instructors at half pay; many study for their own teacher's certificates). Security protection has been reduced from three to two hours a day, and with less supervision, young pupils are more apt to wander away from school during lunch and not come back.

Last week many parents joined teachers on the picket line outside P.S. 140. Complained one mother, Mary Akins: "My ten-year-old is a slow learner. With 40 kids in a class, I don't think she can improve any."

At P.S. 6 on Manhattan's elegant Upper East Side, meanwhile, some six-

Albert Shanker: 'Power Is Good'

In *Sleeper*, Woody Allen's film about America in the year 2173, one of the characters explains how the northeastern part of the U.S. was obliterated: "A man by the name of Albert Shanker got hold of a nuclear warhead." The real-life Albert Shanker, leader of New York City's public school employees, scarcely looks like an earthshaker. In fact, he could easily pass for what he once was: a full-time schoolteacher. He wears thick glasses and is virtually blind in one eye; his face droops in a hangdog expression, and a habitual slouch seems to shrink his 6-ft. 3-in. frame. What places Shanker in the megaton range is the power he wields.

As president of the 81,000-member United Federation of Teachers, he not only leads the nation's largest union local but also holds considerable sway over the country's biggest local school system. During New York City's fiscal crisis, Shanker has emerged as the toughest and most intransigent of its municipal labor leaders, backed by an equally determined rank and file that deeply believe in the simple rubric he has taught them: "Power is a good thing. It is better than powerlessness."

Under Shanker's leadership since 1964, the U.F.T. has shown that teachers could be transformed from genteel professionals who seldom raise their voices into members of an aggressive union that rarely lowers its voice.

This has won Shanker a place in the AFL-CIO hierarchy. At 47, he is the youngest member of the AFL-CIO's 35-member executive council and is reputed to want to succeed President George Meany. "Usually, white-collar union leaders don't understand trade-unionism," says New York Labor Mediator Ted Kheel. "Shanker could have been the leader of the Steelworkers."

Though Jewish, Shanker grew up in an Irish-Italian section of New York's borough of Queens. His father distributed a union newspaper; his mother was

a member of two garmentworkers' unions. As a student in New York schools and later at the University of Illinois, Shanker was an active socialist who campaigned for Norman Thomas. In 1952 he became a city schoolteacher. But seven years later, he gave it up to become a full-time union organizer. On his rounds, he met a Queens teacher named Edith Gerber, whom he made a strike captain and later married ("I organized her," he says). They have three children, aged 10 to 13, and live in a split-level house in suburban Putnam County.

In his public posture, Shanker appears to be a dogged, stubborn defender of what he deems to be right. In private, he is different: "Because of the strikes," says Tom Kahn, a Meany assistant, "Al has been portrayed as power-hungry and overly aggressive. Personally, he's a shy, intellectual type." Shanker reads voraciously and likes to consider himself close in political atti-

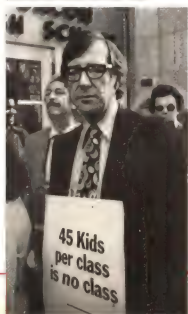
tude to the moderate liberalism of *Commentary* and *Public Interest*. In reflective moments, he professes to wonder why he got into the union presidency at all. "I never sought this career," he says. "I backed into it. I like to hike, be with my children, make bread and Viennese pastries. I don't have enough time for these things."

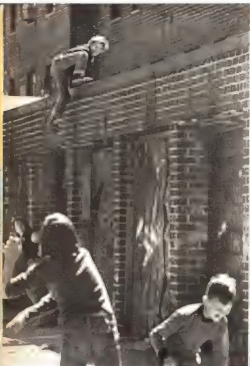
Reluctantly or not, Shanker really established his firm grip on the union in 1968, when the city started an experiment in school decentralization in the largely black Ocean Hill-Brownsville area of Brooklyn. Black militants in control of the schools dismissed 13 teachers who were active in the U.F.T. In response, Shanker called a teachers' strike that lasted for 35 days and led to a nasty period of public hostility between New York's black community and the heavily Jewish teachers' union. The U.F.T. eventually won reinstatement of the teachers, but Shanker spent 15 days in jail for breaking the state law against strikes by public employees.

Since the 1968 strike, Shanker has been accused of retreating from his earlier liberalism. Says a city labor leader: "My disappointment in him is that as the new face in the American labor movement, he adheres to the status quo. He is not innovative in terms of reform." Shanker is not enthusiastic about busing, and he has opposed affirmative-action programs that impose racial or ethnic quotas. "Quotas are authoritarian and essentially discriminatory," he says. "Why not just confer an M.A. at birth on blacks and minorities?" On the other hand, he takes pride in the some 10,000 blacks and Hispanics whom he has brought into the U.F.T. as para-professionals with the opportunity of eventually becoming full-fledged teachers.

Some observers think Shanker is under attack because he has done his job too well. "Once [a union chief] gets to be magnanimous and takes the broad public point of view, he's defeated," says Kheel. "Every leader of a special-interest group is basically selfish. That's why he is the leader."

SHANKER ON PICKET LINE LAST WEEK





NEW YORK CHILDREN ENJOYING STRIKE
Danger to the baby sitters.

year-olds joined their mothers and teachers marching in front of the red-dedicated school. Even at P.S. 6, which is regarded as one of the three or four best schools in the New York City system, classes were overcrowded; last year they grew to 36 students and this year to 40. Said Sally Mendel, a mother on the picket line: "I'm fearful that conditions in the city will continue to force out the middle-class people who can't afford private schools."

As of last week there were some 50 teacher strikes across the U.S., affecting more than 2 million students. Prospects were for much more teacher trouble to come as contracts expire through the fall. The National Education Association says there could be as many as 200 strikes this year, compared with 106 in 1974.

This year's rash of teacher strikes differs from those of previous years in quality as well as quantity. Through the late 1960s and early 1970s, when municipal unions of all kinds began to discover and use their considerable bargaining muscle, the teachers' unions had three goals: more pay, more benefits, more control over the operation of the schools. This year, with municipal budgets gutted by inflation and falling tax revenues, some teachers are still reaching for more but many are struggling just to hang on to what they have.

In Chicago, 27,000 teachers shut down all 666 schools two weeks ago in a dispute over the city's plan to hold its school budget at \$1.16 billion by eliminating 1,525 teacher jobs. Other strikes—notably in Pennsylvania, California and Rhode Island—centered on similar worries about job security in a time of

THE NATION

budget austerity. While busing is the big issue in Boston schools this year, the city is also rolling toward a Sept. 22 strike deadline set by the teachers, who want a 10% salary increase and job-security guarantees.

The increasing teacher militance all over the U.S. is only one sign of the deep-rooted changes affecting the nation's 2,160,000 public school teachers. Only a decade or so ago, teaching was regarded as a job offering a modicum of prestige if not much money, a secure future and lots of vacation. Indeed, mothers used to urge their college-age daughters to get a teacher's certificate as insurance against bad times.

Now all that is different. The teacher shortage of the '60s has turned into a disastrous teacher surplus. With the new school year already under way, fully half of last spring's 300,000 college graduates with teaching degrees are still looking for jobs. In ghetto schools teachers have to worry not only about their job security but also about their physical safety. Last year there were 70,000 attacks on teachers across the nation; 725 occurred just in New York City.

Despite the problems, most teachers manage somehow, and many display an obvious dedication to their jobs. Last week Vivian Murray, 29, a black English teacher at Seattle's Garfield High School, got up at 4 a.m. to correct papers. She teaches five classes daily, acts as adviser to the school yearbook for another period, and has one 45-minute rest period a day. Her classes are crowded with 32 to 36 students, and there are not enough textbooks to go around. Mrs. Murray has taught four years; her salary is just under \$10,000.

Yet Mrs. Murray, who has two children, is not sure of her future. Seattle vot-

ers turned down a special school levy this year, and 3,200 teachers—including Mrs. Murray—were told they would be laid off. Their jobs were saved only when the other teachers voted to forgo a pay raise. "After the levy failure," says Mrs. Murray, "I can't help feeling I don't have job security. It showed me that even though you have a contract, you still can't be sure you have a job."

Although many teachers like Mrs. Murray work long hours for modest pay, others fare better. The median pay for New York teachers, for example, is \$17,350. Teacher pay thus compares favorably with some occupational groups that demand long hours and year-round work, such as farmers (average income \$9,789), reporters (\$13,635) and middle-level civil servants (\$13,704).

Partly because teachers' salaries are rising, municipal school budgets are also climbing—with little discernible effect on the quality of education. In New York City, where salaries and benefits now account for 68% of the cost of running the school system, the annual school budget has grown from \$1 billion in 1965 to \$2.8 billion today. Over the same period, the number of teachers has also increased, from 50,000 to 62,000, while the number of students remained about the same. The public school budget in Los Angeles has grown from \$509 million in 1965 to \$1.2 billion today, while the teacher roster has grown from 23,000 to 30,000. Yet the number of students has dropped by 17,000 over the past decade, to 603,000 today.

Given the poor picture of school "productivity," in many cities sentiment has shifted against meeting teachers' demands. Increasingly, it seems, big-city teachers and their militant leaders are on a collision course with a U.S. public grown weary of waiting for tangible improvement in the nation's schools.

Pay and Productivity: How Teachers Score

	New York	Boston	Atlanta	Chicago	Detroit	Houston	San Francisco
Salary	\$ 9,700	9,772	8,407	10,400	10,308	9,300	8,760
Range	20,350	21,265	17,077	20,996	21,055	16,500	16,760
Median Salary	\$17,350	18,000	11,286	15,969	16,312*	11,500	15,660*
Years to Reach Maximum	7½-8	8	16	15	12	15	18
Hours Per Day	6 hr. 20 min.	6 hr. 40 min.	7 hr. 15 min.	6 hr. 45 min.	7 hr. 15 min.	7 hr. 30 min.	6 hr. 25 min.
School Year	186 days	180	190	185	188	190	179
Class Size (Maximum)	34	30	28	33	35	27	32

* Average salary (median is probably lower).



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SQUEAKY FROMME LEARNING TO SHOOT A PISTOL AT A FIRING RANGE IN SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO (1974)



SANDRA GOOD ZEROING IN ON TARGET



VIOLENCE

Fromme: 'There Is a Gun Pointed'

"I wasn't going to shoot him," complained the prisoner in solitary confinement. "I just wanted to get some attention for a new trial for Charlie and the girls." Why did she take such a potentially catastrophic action to make her point? "Well, you know, when people around you treat you like a child and pay no attention to the things you say, you have to do something."

Calmly, almost casually, Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme, 26, last week discussed her reasons for aiming a loaded Colt .45 automatic at President Ford in Sacramento, Calif. She claimed to have endangered the life of the President—and thereby revived the national nightmare of political assassination—solely to win a new trial for her master and mentor, Charles Manson. The psychopathic guru had been sentenced to jail for life, along with three of his women followers, for the sadistic slayings of Actress Sharon Tate and six others in 1969. Somehow the act of threatening Ford made sense to Squeaky Fromme. Referring to the Manson "family," a Department of Justice official said: "They think that the people will say 'Hey, they mean business. They kill Presidents. Let's free Manson so they won't go on killing Presidents.'"

Just how close Fromme came to killing the President became clearer when it was learned that she had known all along that she had to pull back the slide of her Colt .45 in order to fire the weapon—a procedure that she did not follow as Ford approached. A friend, who requested anonymity, reported that early last year Fromme was taken by a boyfriend to the Sharp's Park rifle range in South San Francisco. Squeaky was said to have been afraid of the .45—she did not like its noise or kick—but she did

learn to handle a .22 pistol that had a similar slide mechanism. Why, then, had she not pulled back the slide on her Colt? Says her friend: "Squeaky's a spacy girl, and it's just like her to forget to pull the slide."

Last week some 50 Secret Service men, FBI agents and California police were frantically trying to determine if Squeaky had acted in a plot with other members of the Manson family. They now number about 60 men and women, mostly in their mid-20s, who are living on the loose, mainly in California, and who are still convinced that the sly and Satan-eyed Manson is the second Christ. Searching for evidence, investigators carefully went through the attic apartment in downtown Sacramento that Squeaky had occupied with Sandra Good, 31, another Manson cultist. In recent months, the two women had been urging members of the Manson family not to give up the faith. They had also issued bombastic threats involving Ford that had been shrugged off by newsmen and officials as harmless rhetoric. But after examining the apartment and interviewing Manson himself in San Quentin, law officers reported that they had found no evidence of conspiracy.

Sugar Daddy. A federal grand jury in Sacramento learned that Squeaky had got her Colt automatic from another of the elderly men that the Manson family is accustomed to flattering and fleecing. Harold Eugene Boro, 65, is a thin, balding grandfather who was divorced some 30 years ago. A retired draftsman, Boro befriended Fromme and Good, who reportedly visited him at his Sacramento apartment. Rosette Rankin, a relative of Boro's, said that he "has money, and she [Squeaky] was taking him for everything." A state intelligence of-



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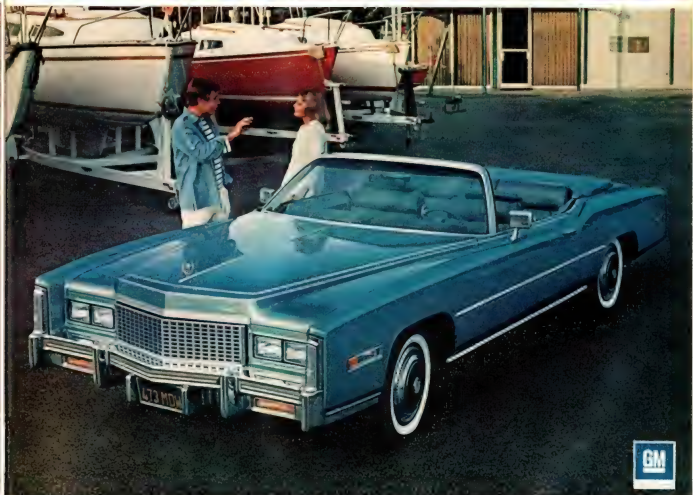
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ficial agreed that Boro was a generous friend to the young women—"good old Sugar Daddy"—that's what they called him." One report had it that Squeaky stole Boro's gun; another that he had given it to her for "protection."

When Squeaky's day in court arrived, she appeared in the flamboyant "nun's habit" of the Manson sisterhood—bright red robe with a cape and hood that was similar to the one she had on the day that she leveled the pistol at Ford. She was even wearing red tennis shoes. Fearing that someone might try to attack her, guards frisked everyone entering the crowded courtroom, including newsmen.

Clean Up. After being charged with attempting to assassinate the President—the first person so accused under the federal criminal statute passed in 1965—Squeaky demanded to speak. Federal Judge Thomas J. MacBride warned her that any statement might prejudice her case. "This is more important to me," said Fromme, who has a court-appointed lawyer but hopes to carry out her own defense. "I'm the one that has to sit in the cell and worry about it." Then, clearly and forcefully, she said, "There is an army of young people and children who want to clean up the earth." She called upon MacBride to order the Government to "buy up the parks. You have jurisdiction over the redwood trees. Cutting down redwood trees is like cutting down your arms and legs." When the judge tried to silence her, Squeaky declared: "There is a gun pointed, and whether it goes off is up to you all." With that, the judge had her ejected from the courtroom. "I didn't mean to be rude," said Squeaky.

She seemed to be threatening not so much MacBride as people who, in her opinion, were damaging the environment. But she has warned another man on the bench. Judge Raymond Choate, who passed sentence on Manson, reported that about two months ago Squeaky called him to say that "she wanted to talk to me because she was going to do something desperate. She specifically said she didn't mean suicide." Choate decided that she might be threatening him and his family and called the Los Angeles district attorney's office, which took the matter "under study."

There was also a report that the Manson family had made many death threats against former Governor Ronald Reagan and his family. One undercover agent said that the Mansonites had warned they would kidnap the Reagans and "torture and behead them one by one" until Manson was released. During his last year in office (1973-74), Reagan and his family were under especially heavy guard.

With Squeaky behind bars on \$1 million bail, Sandra Good took over the leadership of the family with a vengeance. She began issuing bloodcurdling threats against people who she apparently felt were guilty of polluting the en-

vironment. Phoned by Rob Ruby, a reporter for a New Orleans radio station, she said that half a dozen leading businessmen in the South were targets for assassination, although some seemed to have no connection with environmental matters. Their wives, she said, would also be "terribly, terribly murdered." Later, Good gave the Associated Press a death list of 75 businessmen around the nation. The list also included such entries as "Pacific Gas & Electric—nuclear plants," "Fish and Wildlife Service. Kills animals" and "all automobile companies." Good told the A.P. that the assassinations would be carried out by what she called "the International People's Court of Retribution," which she defined as "several thousand people throughout the world who love the earth, the children and their lives."

Some individuals on the Manson family's "hit" list reacted with bewilderment and a sense of helplessness. Asked a California oil-company executive who was named: "What kind of precautions can I take? I don't plan to hide in the cellar."

No Crime. Frustrated Government law officials say that it would be next to impossible to charge Good with a crime for what she was saying last week. Under federal conspiracy laws, someone must perform an overt illegal act before he can be arrested, and under federal extortion laws, a person has to threaten to carry out a crime himself before he can be charged. Good's communiques have said that the attacks would be made by a second party, the International People's Court of Retribution.

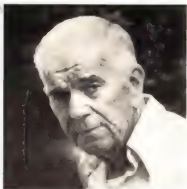
California prosecutors are limited by similar requirements. Says Jack Winkler, an assistant attorney general who heads the state's criminal-law division: "We are most interested and concerned by what she has said to say. But mere words do not constitute a crime."

After being questioned by the FBI for three hours late last week, Good was subdued when she talked to TIME. Even so, she sat down at her typewriter and wrote out a statement in defense of the environment that declared, in part: "Any woman who allows her body to control or to sell products harmful to the people and the environment will be viciously murdered. Anyone who advertises or manufactures food or drugs injurious to people's health will be killed. The air, the water, the trees and the wildlife are part of the Manson family."

As Sandra Good launched her threats against the world, a woman claiming to be her mother told the San Diego *Union* that her daughter had once said that she had "finally reached the



FROMME BEING TAKEN TO COURT BY U.S. MARSHAL



MANSON FAMILY FRIEND HAROLD BORO
They called him "Sugar Daddy."

point where I can kill my parents." Sandra's mother requested anonymity; she is still afraid of her daughter. She recalled how Sandra had twice nearly died of respiratory ailments when she was a child. "Once I even left the hospital after they told me she had died," she remembered. Then she added: "Why did she have to pull through?"

While dozens of men and women around the nation wondered why Sandra Good boasted that she was out to get them, Justice Department sources acknowledged that FBI agents are now keeping all known members of the Manson clan under surveillance. "We aren't going to try to throw them in jail," says one Justice Department official, "but, by God, we're going to know where they are, and if they are where the President is, they'll have a hell of a problem trying to get close to him."



FORD, FLANKED BY SECRET SERVICE MEN, WAVING TO NEW HAMPSHIRE CROWD

THE PRESIDENT

A Scare and a Bulletproof Vest

Only six days after the threat to his life by Squeaky Fromme, President Ford last week was back doing what comes naturally: plunging into the crowds and pressing flesh with the people. It was the familiar rite—but this time there were some unsettling differences.

Toward the end of the week, Ford went to St. Louis to attend a \$1,000-a-couple G.O.P. fund raiser and address some 8,000 members of the National Baptist Convention of America, a black, religiously conservative church with 6.5 million members. While Ford was being interviewed at television station KMOX, a minor drama was unfolding ten blocks away. Inside cavernous Kiel Auditorium, where the President was scheduled to address the Baptists about one hour later, Patrolman Thomas L. Calcaterra spotted a man standing on a catwalk about 40 ft. above the stage holding what appeared to be a .45-cal. pistol.

Sealed Buildings. Dressed in a short-sleeved shirt, dark pants and a dark tie, and wearing what appeared to be a black wig, the man raced down the catwalk when Calcaterra shouted at him and disappeared into the maze of rooms, corridors and stairways in the upper part of the auditorium. Calcaterra quickly signaled fellow officers on his walkie-talkie, and the Secret Service joined 70 local security officers in seal-

ing off the buildings. In the all-black Baptist gathering, the white man would have stood out, but the influx of dozens of plainclothes white security men preceding the President probably helped him to escape. Ford later addressed the convention without incident. Two bomb threats also were reported in the area but they turned out to be false.

Shirt Discomfort. Earlier in the week, uneasiness also filled the air as the President made a campaign swing through New Hampshire to support Republican Louis C. Wyman in his rerun Senate race against Democrat John A. Durkin. Ford spoke, shook hands, and waved at the large, friendly crowds at 22 political stops on a 118-mile motorcade—all the while wearing a protective vest under his shirt. It probably was a 4½-lb., ¾-in.-thick model made of Kevlar, a synthetic material that resembles fiber-glass cloth. The White House refused to confirm or deny press reports of the vest, but it was plainly visible across Ford's back just above his shoulder blades. His shirt was stretched tautly across his chest and bunched beneath his tie; at times the President fingered his shirt collar with apparent discomfort, and despite the chilly morning temperatures in the low 60s, he perspired profusely.

The extraordinary caution was taken at the urging of White House offi-

cials. Shortly after Fromme had pointed her loaded pistol at Ford, the Secret Service got a call from a manufacturer of "protective clothing." He offered to show some safety products for the President. Though there has never been much enthusiasm for heavy, uncomfortable bulletproof garments among those responsible for presidential security, the Secret Service nonetheless passed them on to the White House before the President left on his New Hampshire campaign trip.

It was understandable that the President should want to get out and test the political waters in a state where he will be a candidate in the Republican primary next year. Ford's all-but-declared challenger, Ronald Reagan, was also in New Hampshire last week stumping for Wyman. Though Reagan is fading in many places, recent polls have shown him edging close to Ford's popularity rating in New Hampshire, and he is expected to announce in November that he will run in its primary next March.

Under Surveillance. Yet some Americans were warily questioning the wisdom of Ford's making such a trip at all; at moments he and Candidate Wyman rode standing up in an open limousine. Beside him was the usual complement of four Secret Service agents including Agent Larry Buendorf, who had wrested the gun away from Fromme. Other agents were on the perimeter of the presidential entourage. A former prominent Manson family member, Linda Kasabian, was at her home a few miles from Milford, N.H., when Ford stopped there, but the Secret Service and a state police officer kept her under close surveillance throughout the President's stay.

Most of the rest of Ford's week was spent indoors. Friday night he was in Kansas City, Kans., for another fund raiser; on Saturday he flew to Dallas, and amid inevitable reminders of John Kennedy, Ford addressed some 2,000 members of the National Federation of Republican Women and spoke at Southern Methodist University. Then he journeyed to Midland, Texas, where he dedicated the Permian Basin Petroleum Museum and was thanked with a shower of rose petals—a fitting gesture in a week when Congress sustained his veto of an oil decontrol bill.

Ford had decided to take these calculated risks. Though he was not wearing a bulletproof vest in St. Louis, reporters there pressed him on the issue of his security. He declined to comment directly on any specific precautionary measures but went on to say quite forcefully that "it is important for the American people to have an opportunity to see firsthand—close up—their President. I feel you have to balance or weigh the risks as to my own personal security against what is a very important aspect of our political life in America."

**"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never
smoke a boring cigarette."**



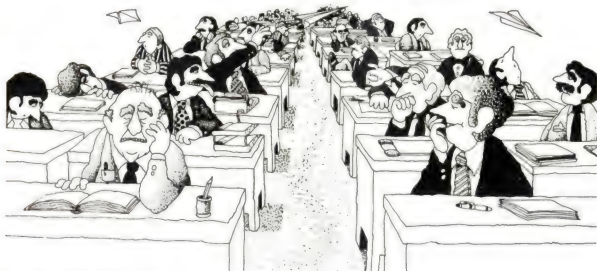
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This thimble can hold enough fuel to run the average home for seven months.

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Enough to run the average home for about seven months.

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equal 330
gallons of oil



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in the next twelve years or so. With oil and natural gas in short supply, we are going to have to rely more and more on nuclear power. And also our ample supplies of coal.

Coal and nuclear fuel. We have good supplies of both. Enough to provide hundreds of years of electricity. But no one fuel can do the job alone. We need to use all our

natural resources wisely and efficiently. And continue to look for new ways to make electricity.



Nuclear plants produce 8% of our electricity

Because a country that runs on electricity simply can't afford to ever run out.

Progress
for
People.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

CIA

Toxin Toccin

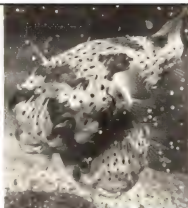
The boot, with its tiny steel tongue, flashed out. Bond felt a sharp pain in his right calf... Numbness was creeping up Bond's body... There was no feeling in his fingers... Breathing became difficult... Bond pivoted slowly on his heel and crashed headlong to the wine-red floor.

So ends Ian Fleming's delightful spy novel, *From Russia with Love*, with James Bond's fate left hanging. Agent 007, of course, survives to brave new dangers in *Doctor No*, in which it is revealed that he had been dealt a near fatal dose of *fugu* poison. "It comes from the sex organs of the Japanese globe-fish," an eminent neurologist tells Bond's boss. "It's terrible stuff and very quick."

Last week Fleming's words sprang eerily into the real world. Idaho Democrat Frank Church, chairman of the special Senate committee investigating the CIA and other intelligence agencies, revealed that the U.S.'s James Bonds have their own secret supply of quick and terrible poisons—in direct violation of a presidential order. In keeping with the draft convention of the U.N. Disarmament Conference, Richard Nixon five years ago ordered the destruction of all stocks of toxin weapons. But the CIA held on to 10.9 grams of saxitoxin, a close chemical cousin of the fearsome *fugu*, along with eight milligrams of a toxin made from cobra venom. That minuscule stockpile is enough, said Church, to kill "many thousands of people."

Dart Guns. Six-tenths of a milligram of saxitoxin can kill an adult, often within an hour, by blocking the transmission of impulses in the nervous system—just as in Fleming's account. Saxitoxin is produced by a single-cell sea creature that flourishes during the warmest months. Oysters, clams and mussels that eat the organism are poisonous to humans, which is why in some areas such seafood is not harvested in summer. By contrast, *fugu* poison, which has almost the same effect, is always present in the sex organs and liver of Japanese puffer fish. Hence in Japan chefs who prepare puffers are required to learn how to make the fish edible.

In the 1950s the CIA began experimenting with saxitoxin at Fort Detrick, Md., where it also carried out the notorious LSD experiments that led to,



TWO PUFFER FISH & EGGS



JAMES BOND ATTACKED IN FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE



INTERNAL VIEW OF BUTTER CLAM

A little cobra venom goes a long way.

among other things, the long hushed-up death of Biochemist Frank Olson (TIME, July 21). Researchers took contaminated butter clams and distilled the poison from them through a costly process. According to sources close to Church's panel, the CIA used saxitoxin in suicide pills for its own agents (U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers had one, but chose to pass it up) and had it on hand to eliminate troublesome guard dogs when breaking into embassies and some other places. The agency reportedly developed dart guns and other clever means of delivering the poison.

Two months ago, CIA Director William Colby told the White House he had

THE NATION

learned that someone had hidden away—presumably for future use—small amounts of the cobra and shellfish toxins at an agency lab in downtown Washington. The White House informed the Church committee, which this week will hold public hearings on the matter. Church hopes to discover whether the toxins were ever used in CIA assassination plots. He is even more concerned with the fact that the agency violated Nixon's command. The episode, he said, points up a "looseness of command and control within the CIA." According to a source close to Church's panel, some low-ranking CIA official unknown to the agency's chiefs had made the decision to retain small quantities of the toxins.

Congress has requested that the CIA hold on to all evidence that could be useful to the Church committee investigation, but an exception may have to be made in the toxin case. According to the U.N.'s Biological Weapons Convention, the U.S. Government has until Dec. 26 to get rid of all biological warfare materials. Probably the best solution was proposed last week by Murdoch Ritchie, a Yale pharmacology professor and an expert on saxitoxin. Since it is invaluable for the study of such diseases as multiple sclerosis, Ritchie urged that the CIA's costly trove of the poison be turned over to medical researchers. Under the terms of the U.N. accord, peaceful uses of even the deadliest poisons are perfectly permissible.

The CIA faced another embarrassment last week. The House Intelligence Committee under Chairman Otis G. Pike had subpoenaed from the White House top-secret briefing materials on the Yom Kippur War, the military coup in Portugal, and other events. The documents showed some crashing intelligence failures. Concerning the Yom Kippur War, an agency post-mortem admitted that "those responsible for intelligence analysis were quite simply, obviously and starkly wrong."

CIA officials negotiating with the committee agreed that five paragraphs of the classified material could be published, but differed hotly on four words in one of the documents. Over CIA and Pentagon protests, the Congressmen voted 6-3 to declassify them. Though the sentence fragment is now in the public domain, no one with any authority would identify it. But speculation was that the four words were "and greater communications security." The phrase referred to one of the preparations made by Egypt in the days before the war. CIA Director William Colby explained that the innocuous-seeming words could give experts a clue to U.S. intelligence methods.

The White House was furious. No more classified information would be forthcoming, was the word, until the House committee stops its "unilateral" declassification of documents.

LABOR

Rendering to Cesar

Every day at dawn last week, Cesar Chavez was out in the green and gold California fields, pleading with Mexican, Filipino, Yemenite and native American workers. At 7:15 a.m. one day, the charismatic Chicano had to halt his early-bird campaigning and leave the Elmeo Ranch near Delano, Calif. The time had arrived for the 725 workers on the huge, grape-laden spread to decide whether to join Chavez's beleaguered United Farm Workers of America or remain in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, which has held the union contract since 1973. The election yielded a margin of 3 to 2 in favor of sticking with the Teamsters.

Secret Ballot. Under a new California law, farm workers at long last are getting a chance to decide by secret ballot which union should represent them. By week's end the U.F.W. had won 24 elections, the Teamsters 14. Which union would win the most remained in doubt—the series of elections will run well into next year—but Chavez appeared to be staging a comeback.

The most symbolically important contest had yet to be decided. Chavez and his supporters have been boycotting the wines of the E. & J. Gallo Winery—California's largest producer—since 1973, when Gallo officials declined to renew their contract with the U.F.W. and instead signed with the Teamsters. At that time, workers did not vote their



UNITED FARM WORKERS' CHAVEZ
Something of a comeback.

own preference for which union would represent them. The growers negotiated directly with the union heads. Last week 233 Gallo grape pickers voted to stick with the Teamsters, while 131 chose the U.F.W. But both unions challenged 198 ballots—throwing the outcome in doubt.

Chavez began organizing farm workers in 1962, and by 1970 had attracted more than 50,000 members, signing contracts with nearly 300 growers. But the firebrand fizzled at administration: some workers complained that the U.F.W. hiring-hall system separated families, sending parents and children

THE NATION

to different fields. Growers accused the group of "irresponsible unionism" primarily for staging extensive, punishing boycotts. That opened the door for the Teamsters, who began recruiting hard in 1972. Better organized and well financed, the Teamsters, by stressing their professionalism and reliability, won contracts with about 375 California growers. Before last week's elections, the Teamsters' membership in the California fields had risen to 55,000, while the U.F.W.'s had shrunk to 6,000 and its contracts to twelve.

Heads Cracked. Chavez and his supporters charged that the Teamsters had succeeded by threatening workers—indeed, some heads were cracked in bloody confrontations—and by persuading growers to switch from the more militant U.F.W. without consulting workers. They also charged that Teamsters negotiated "sweetheart contracts" with growers. The Teamsters said they had thousands of petitions from workers who wanted Teamster representation.

Even last week Chavez charged irregularities: "Right now 20% to 30% of the workers are not voting because of fear, intimidation and threats." Apparently some stiff-arming was going on. "My foreman said if we sign with Chavez, goodbye job," worried one worker in Delano. A new five-member State Agricultural Labor Relations Board—which Teamsters and growers argue is heavily biased in favor of Chavez—will have its hands full sorting out charges of election fraud as balloting continues over the next unquiet months.



FIGUREHEAD OF A MERMAID

Navel Maneuver

Had the U.S. Navy stuffily forgotten a part of the heralded past of the great ships at sea? Last July, Commander Connolly D. Stevenson, 41, permitted a comely go-go dancer to do her uninhibited stuff—topless—aboard his *Finback*, a nuclear-powered attack submarine, which was docked at Port Canaveral, Fla. Some of the crew figured that the harmless little maneuver would spur morale, and Stevenson went along with the invitation. Indeed, after the ten-minute performance, enthusiastic crew members shouted, hooted and stamped their approval; and the dancer, Cat Futch, 23, got a thank-you buss from Stevenson.

Wind of the incident wafted back to his superiors in Norfolk, and Stevenson was relieved of his command "for cause." His kiss on Cat's cheek, said the Navy brass, "tended to demean the position," he held. Stevenson had even, huffed the Navy, taken up a collection for the dancer from the crew, and "that was in bad taste."

Had the Navy popped its cork? Through the ages many a great vessel has been adorned with a topless if wooden dame of the sea. And last week at a cocktail reception before a "Circus Saints and Sinners" charity luncheon in Washington, two bare-breasted belly dancers were oled by, among others, a sprinkling of admirals and generals. Little wonder that Stevenson has sought legal counsel to have his post restored and the letter of reprimand removed from his file.



CAT FUTCH DANCING IN A NIGHTCLUB

MIDDLE EAST

Trying to Sell the Deal

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger undertook another Middle East shuttle last week, this time between the State Department and Capitol Hill.

Kissinger's mission was to sell Congress on the soundness of the Sinai accord he had worked out between Israel and Egypt. Since the agreement includes not only massive sweeteners in the form of U.S. aid but also the stationing of U.S. civilian technicians in the Sinai to monitor the truce electronically, Kissinger and President Ford are seeking a congressional resolution of support. Such a resolution, they hope, will not only silence domestic critics but also provide tangible support to Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Israel's Premier Yitzhak Rabin, who are both being hounded by vocal critics.

Shopping List. Even though White House mail is running 10-to-1 against sending Americans to the Sinai, the Administration hopes to win a 70-to-30 vote of approval in the Senate and to get 300 or more votes in the House. The Middle East aid package may come in for some trimming. At present it calls for as much as \$650 million for Egypt and \$250 million for Syria and Jordan in aid, plus approval of a \$350 million air defense system for Jordan, most of which involves 14 batteries of Hawk surface-to-air missiles. The largest item is up to \$2.2 billion for Israel. As Defense Minister Shimon Peres prepared to fly to Washington this week to complete negotiations, one of his aides joked that the shopping list would include "everything that begins with the letter a—a tank, a missile, a plane...."

Though some congressional critics think the aid total too high, particularly for Israel, the opposition Kissinger faces is mild compared with the criticism

that Egypt's Sadat is getting from his supposed Arab friends. Syria's President Hafez Assad called the agreement "a serious attempt to fragment and weaken the Arab front." George Habash, leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, was more vitriolic. Habash, who is boycotting the Palestine Liberation Organization because he considers the P.L.O. too moderate, predicted that the Arab masses would soon "turn Sadat and his agreement into an irrelevant moment in the history of their modern struggle." From Baghdad, the Voice of Palestine radio reported that Egypt's President had narrowly escaped an assassination attempt, but Cairo quickly termed the broadcast a lie, and shut down Voice of Palestine broadcasts from Cairo in retaliation.

Sadat fought back shrewdly, brushing off charges that he had gotten too far out in front of other Arab nations. Especially sensitive to criticism from Damascus, which gained nothing in the latest round, Sadat told an interviewer "Ford is personally working on a disengagement on the Syrian front. Syria knows there are particular matters we agreed on with the Americans." Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy said flatly that there would soon be a new disengagement on the Golan Heights. That prompted Israeli conservatives to demand—and get—a special parliamentary session for this week to debate the issue.

Expiring Mandate. Some sort of new negotiations between Jerusalem and Damascus seem unavoidable nonetheless. The mandate for United Nations peace-keeping forces on the Golan expires Nov. 30, and if their stay is not extended, the possibility of hostilities



KISSINGER BRIEFING CONGRESSMEN WITH SINAI MAP
Convincing critics at home and abroad.

will increase sharply. Assad, who is clearly keeping a negotiating door open, has indicated that he will not accept a limited Israeli withdrawal. Although he is anxious for an agreement, Assad obviously is taking a hard line to prevent Arab radicals from accusing him of appeasement. Rabin says that while Israel is willing to move back considerably from its present Golan lines, it will insist that strategically important Mount Hermon remain demilitarized.

Preliminary discussions leading to a

Chuckled Humorist Art Buchwald of the latest shuttle: "It won't be easy. In the Middle East he's treated as the Secretary of State of the most powerful country in the world"; in Washington, on the other hand, "Henry is just another pretty face."

"Naturally it will take a little time for some of our friends to fully comprehend the essence of the pact with Israel."





ZGHARTA RIFLEMAN (LEFT) FIRING FROM ROOF TOP; VICTIMS OF THE FIGHTING COLLECTED AT TRIPOLI HOSPITAL

new Syrian-Israeli agreement may well get under way some time next month as the Israeli and Syrian foreign ministers make separate visits to Washington, with Kissinger acting as their go-between. Negotiations over Golan, however, promise to be considerably tougher than those over Sinai. At least initially, Jerusalem is expected to resist anything more than minor adjustments. From Israel's viewpoint, as a high-level Jerusalem official told *TIME* Correspondent Martin Levin with extraordinary candor, deliberate delay is especially advantageous.

"Given non-acceptance of Israel by the Arabs, we have been maneuvering since 1967 to gain time and to return as little as possible. The predominant government view has been that stalemates are to our advantage. Our great threat has been the Rogers plan—and American policy to move us back to the old (pre-1967) armistice lines. The current agreement with Egypt is another nail in the coffin of that policy."

"We realize that the entire world is against us on the issue of borders and that we are terribly dependent on one nation for sophisticated arms. Nevertheless, we have been successful for the past seven or eight years, and we may have to go on maneuvering another ten. If the present interim agreement were to give us only six months rather than three years, we would still buy it because the alternative is Geneva. And Geneva means more pressure to go back to the 1967 borders. The interim agreement has delayed Geneva, while at the same time assuring us arms, money, a coordinated policy with Washington and quiet in Sinai. Relatively speaking, we gave up a little for a lot." Stalemate can no longer be a tenable policy, nor may it prove to be profitable, if the U.S. continues putting pressure on Israel to reach agreements while adding carrots to make concessions bearable.

LEBANON

Again, Christian v. Moslem

For the fourth time in six months, bloody fighting broke out in Lebanon last week between heavily armed irregular forces of Moslems and Maronite Christians. The three earlier rounds of street fighting had rocked the capital city of Beirut. The latest battles revolved around Tripoli in the north, Lebanon's second largest city and seaport. Before the Lebanese army was finally ordered into the area to stop the shooting, at least 100 people had been killed. That brought the death toll since the inter-necine fighting started in April to well over 1,000 people, in a country with a population of only 3 million. Property losses are already estimated at \$800 million, equal to one-sixth of Lebanon's total annual revenues.

The latest battle was between the predominantly Moslem community of Tripoli (pop. 200,000) and Christians from the mountain town of Zgharta (pop. 12,000) five miles away. It erupted after a seemingly trivial incident: a minor auto accident involving Tripoli and Zgharta drivers. After a Zghartawi was assaulted, armed clansmen threw up a roadblock on the outskirts of Tripoli and halted traffic. When a bus carrying some 25 Moslems reached the roadblock, gunmen herded the passengers into the road. Without warning, a guerrilla opened fire with a submachine gun, slaughtering twelve Moslems.

The roadside execution provoked a predictable spree of Moslem revenge. Before long, the road between Tripoli and Zgharta had become a battleground. The private militias of opposing political factions hammered one another with automatic weapons, dynamite, plastique, 50-cal. machine guns and 120-mm mortars. Newsmen who managed to reach Zgharta reported that

some Lebanese army vehicles and internal-security-force Jeeps in the town had their license plates covered with paper or daubed with mud—suggesting that these units were covertly aiding the Christians. As the fighting increased between a reported 3,000-man Moslem force and 2,000 Zghartawis, buildings burned out of control because firemen could not reach them, and stores were plucked clean by looters.

Christian Officers. The latest fighting had particularly ominous political overtones. Tripoli is the home town and political base of Premier Rashid Karami, a Sunni Moslem. Since midsummer, Karami has headed a "rescue government" whose first priority is to end the religious strife that has paralyzed the nation. Zgharta is the home village of Lebanese President Suleiman Franjeh, a Maronite Christian and longtime political foe of Karami's. Indeed, the gunman alleged to have executed the Moslem bus riders is a distant relative of the President's. Thus forces loyal to Lebanon's two highest officials were locked in a fight that was certain to have bitter political side effects.

Meeting in emergency session with their six-man rescue Cabinet, Franjeh and Karami grappled with the question of whether to send in Lebanon's 18,000-man armed forces to end the fighting. Some political leaders were reluctant to do so, since the officer corps is dominated by Maronite Christians. More over, the army commander, Major General Iskandar Ghanem, an old friend of Franjeh's, had antagonized Moslems by

The Franjeh family is no stranger to violence. During Lebanon's 1957 elections, family members shot it out with rival Christian clans in Zgharta. The bloody encounter during a funeral near the village left 18 dead and twice as many wounded.

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ordering the army two years ago to attack militant Palestinians in Lebanon, and by his inability to protect the country from Israeli attacks (another one took place last week, aimed at Palestinian camps in the south). Finally a compromise was worked out: Ghanem was ordered on leave. He was replaced by Brigadier General Hanna Said, a Maronite officer less objectionable to Moslems, who was quickly promoted. Two thousand soldiers were then ordered to set up a buffer zone between battling forces without entering either Tripoli or Zgharta, which might provoke an encounter.

Special Position. Though the fighting appeared to taper off at week's end, few Lebanese believed that the paralyzing feud was finished. They feared, moreover, that the continuing battles might eventually destroy the special position of Lebanon in the Middle East, in which it has managed to avoid the bloodshed of wars with Israel and at the same time build up a profitable business with the world around it. At the core of the problem is the country's outdated government structure, which was designed in a poly-religious society to be fair to all by allotting posts and powers according to a census of faiths.

The trouble is that the current census (unofficial, because no one wants to provoke a crisis with an official count) no longer bears much relationship to the unwritten National Covenant of 1943, which established ratios. The Moslems, once a minority, now total 1.8 million and exceed Maronite Christians (1.2 million), who still wield majority power. This rigid confessional formula has become a straitjacket, institutionalizing communal dissension rather than easing it. Yet despite the continuing bloodshed and the threat of anarchy, politicians in the bitterly divided nation have largely proved neither powerful, courageous nor selfless enough to agree on a practical alternative.

TURKEY

Sudden Death in the Hills

In the eastern Turkish village of Lice, a single, slender minaret rose above the dust-clogged rubble. From the stony ridges above the village ran huge, pale, vertical scars gouged out by boulders dislodged during the earthquake that devastated Lice (pronounced *lee-juh*) earlier this month. Seismologists say the quake measured 6.8 on the Richter scale, just below the "severe" level in scientific terms (TIME cover, Sept. 1).

The 8,000 inhabitants of Lice measured their loss in the simpler terms of death, injury and destruction. More than 1,000 corpses were uncovered last week, and several hundred more may be found before the gruesome search is completed. Necmettin Esenter, a municipal clerk who lost eight members of his family, held out his bloody hands and wept. "I dug out my two-year-old daughter Vedia from under a rock with these hands."

The death toll was not limited to Lice. Landslides and other side effects that were set off by the earthquake killed at least another 1,000 in dozens of nearby hillside villages. An estimated 30,000 inhabitants of this remote southeastern farm region have been left homeless, and about 3,000 injuries have been reported.

The Lice area, which is situated at the juncture of two shifting rock plates, is one of three Turkish regions prone to earthquakes. Even more vulnerable than Lice are towns along the Anatolian fault, which cuts horizontally across the northern tier of Turkey. The third seismic zone is in the west, in Turkey's Aegean provinces. Since 1903 earthquakes have caused more than 64,000 deaths in these three regions.

Angry Turks. In 1966 the government offered to help residents of Lice relocate their homes on safer, flatter terrain below the existing village. Only 150 families were willing to make the move. Their reinforced concrete homes—unlike the older stone and mortar houses on the hillside—survived the recent earthquake with only slight damage. After a special five-hour Cabinet meeting last week, Turkey's Premier Süleyman Demirel promised that an estimated \$35 million would be spent to house all the survivors of Lice in similarly quake-proof homes. The U.S. was expected to offer help, but the Turks, still angered by Congress's halt of arms sales and military aid following the Cyprus conflict, were reportedly reluctant to accept American assistance.



BELOW: FATHER WITH INJURED DAUGHTER; TOP RIGHT: MAN SITS AMID RUBBLE OF HIS HOME, BOTTOM: SEARCHING FOR BODIES IN LICE



NORTHERN IRELAND

Slamming the Door

The week began on a note of wistful hope. Northern Ireland's 78-member Constitutional Convention was scheduled to resume formal talks at Belfast's Stormont Parliament building after a summer of private discussions. To optimistic observers, it appeared that Ulster's Protestant and Roman Catholic politicians might be on the verge of some pragmatic settlement. Even the continued tide of sectarian terror, which extended to England in a wave of recent bombings (TIME, Sept. 15), did not dim the hope. The very savagery of the killings, so the reasoning went, would pressure the politicians to reach agreement.

The hope proved hollow. Before the convention delegates could reconvene, the three principal parties of the Protestant United Ulster Unionist Coalition caucused at Stormont. Among the subjects discussed was the convention's mandate: that some formula be found for power sharing acceptable both to Ulster's 1 million Protestants and 500,000 Catholics. In the caucus debates, William ("King Billy") Craig, leader of the militant Vanguard Unionist Progressive Party, emerged in the unlikely role of moderate. Long a hard-liner, Craig now was urging that Catholic moderates be considered for Cabinet posts, though only on a temporary, emergency basis.

Even this minimal suggestion was more than the intransigent Rev. Ian Paisley could swallow. Following Paisley's lead the caucus voted 37 to 1 to reject any power sharing with Catholics on the Cabinet level; Craig was the lone holdout.

Gloomy Convention. Angry in defeat, Craig resigned his leadership of the Vanguard Party's contingent, objecting that the caucus had "slammed the door" on the Catholics of the Social Democratic and Labor Party (S.D.L.P.). When the Constitutional Convention gathered gloomily later in the week, Catholic S.D.L.P. members did not attend, declaring that "there is nothing to be gained from further divisive debate."

Though a political miracle could conceivably save the convention, last week's disappointments probably doom Britain's latest attempt at a Northern Irish solution. They also make Merlyn Rees, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, even more vulnerable than before to attacks from Ulster's Unionists and British Conservatives. Their principal complaint: Rees' policy of holding suspects only on solid evidence and gradually releasing detainees has repopulated the countryside with alleged I.R.A. diehards. As an example of Rees' tolerance, Ian Paisley angrily charged—and the British army admitted—that Seamus Twomey, chief of staff of the I.R.A. Provisionals, was now off their wanted list, quite free to roam at will over embattled Ulster.



BORIS SPASSKY WITH FIANCEE MARINA IN HER MOSCOW APARTMENT

SOVIET UNION

Mating Checked

Moscow does not suffer defeat gracefully—at least if its treatment of Boris Spassky is any clue. Since his 1972 loss to Bobby Fischer in the battle for the world chess championship, Grand Master Spassky, 38, has been snubbed by the Soviet government, denounced by *Pravda* and denied visas for travel abroad. Recently, however, all that has begun to look like a minor prelude to the latest problem Spassky's government has created for him.

Spassky is planning to marry Marina Sichenbatcheff, 30, a lissome brunette Frenchwoman who is a secretary in the French embassy in Moscow. Although the Soviet marriage bureau granted the pair permission to wed on Nov. 11, the Foreign Ministry began pressuring the French to force Marina, daughter of Russian émigrés to France, to leave the country by the end of September. Spassky feared that once his fiancée went, she would not be allowed to return for the wedding. Failing in his attempts to have the ceremony moved to an earlier date, Spassky complained, "I feel like I'm playing against an opponent I cannot see at all."

The Soviets claimed that it would be in Marina's own best interests to leave. Reason: she faces possible prosecution for a 1974 traffic accident involving a Soviet citizen who had borrowed her car. Oddly, Soviet authorities seemed to pay no attention to Marina's role in the auto accident until last January, when she began living with Spassky. Says Spassky: "Never before have I been as humiliated as in the past three months, since they started this against Marina." Late last week, however, there were reports that

the Kremlin may be relenting and will no longer try to force Marina to leave before the wedding.

If the Kremlin has in fact had second thoughts on the Spassky case, the reason may be a desire to avoid new tensions in Soviet-French relations on the eve of the mid-October visit to Moscow by French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Moscow may also have been embarrassed by the attention the affair was attracting in the West, where it was being viewed as a test of whether the Soviets intend to live up to the "humanitarian" clauses of the Helsinki declaration signed by Soviet Communist Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev last month. One clause of the agreement requires the Soviet

LINES OUTSIDE A PARIS THEATER



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Union to "examine favorably and on the basis of humanitarian considerations requests for exit or entry permits" for Soviet citizens and foreigners who want to marry.

Spassky's problems pale alongside those of Soviet Dissident Painter Edward Zelenin, who wants to emigrate to France. Last week, a few days before the planned opening of an unauthorized showing in Moscow of "unofficial" art, Zelenin was arrested. Much luckier is Martina Navratilova, Czechoslovakia's 18-year-old tennis star; as the U.S. Open Championships at Forest Hills ended last week, she defected to the U.S., explaining that in her Communist-run homeland, she did not enjoy the freedom to play tennis "whenever I want and wherever I want."

FRANCE

Now, le Hard Core

The whip snaps and the woman on the receiving end screams—but with pleasure. Her lover brands his initials on her backside, and she looks at him even more longingly. The climax of the story, as it were, comes when she takes the whip to another woman and discovers that love really does mean not having to say you're sorry.

The Story of O, in a word, trash, as almost any Parisian who has seen it will quickly say. "It's zero, zero, as in 0," said one man as he walked out of the theater. "It's a giggle," said another. It is, however, the kind of giggle the French apparently have been waiting for. Half of Paris seems to be queuing up to see it—and the other half is talking about it. After the puritanical regimes of Charles de Gaulle and Georges Pompi-

dou, sex has at last returned to Paris.

On-screen, at least, the trend actually started last year with a soft-core flick, *Emmanuelle* (TIME, Jan. 6), which quickly became the top-grossing movie in French history. *Emmanuelle*'s French director, Just Jaeckin, then promptly adapted *The Story of O* from the famous whips-and-chains novel of the '50s. Since the movie opened last month, *O* has become a major news story in France. Radio and TV programs endlessly debate the film's merits. The weekly *L'Express* featured Actress Corinne Cléry, who plays the film's tortured protagonist, on its cover, nude above the waist, and inside printed six graphic full-color stills from the movie.

The real dirt—what the French call *le hard core*—has come from the U.S. One American import, *History of the Blue Movie* (seductively retitled *Anthologie du Plaisir*), recently played at 14 theaters in Paris. French distributors are now fighting for the rights to such American porn "classics" as *Deep Throat* and *Behind the Green Door*.

The new pornography is not confined to the movies. In the Place Pigalle and along the Rue St. Denis, there are now dozens of dirty book stores, sex shops and *théâtres érotiques*. A full leather-and-whip set sells for \$125, and there are inflatable plastic dolls with all the proper—or improper—accouterments that go for \$70.

Galloic Subtlety. Although President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing virtually abolished censorship six months ago, Secretary of State for Culture Michel Guy still has authority to ban anything on stage or screen that goes too far. Guy, however, is more concerned about violence and drugs than explicit sex. If he had been in office at the time, Guy says he might well have banned Stanley Kubrick's chilling *A Clockwork Orange*, which anyone over 18 could see, while letting *Last Tango in Paris* sail through. Another branch of government, however, may give the porn purveyors some anxiety. Seeking new sources of income, Finance Minister Jean-Pierre Fourcade last week suggested a tax on "this outburst of pornography."

Meanwhile the outburst continues. *Emmanuelle*'s producer Yves Rousset Rouard, now has a sequel before the cameras, *Emmanuelle 2—The Anti-Virgin*. It, too, will probably be soft core. When producers do get around to turning out something like *Throat*, they promise to add Gallic subtlety to what they think is crude American formula. The radicals used to complain that French life was a dull blend of "Métro, Boulot and Dodo"—subway, work and sleep. Now, says the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the slogan is "Métro, Boulot, Dodo et Porno."



REFUGEE WADING ACROSS CUNENE RIVER

ANGOLA

From Exodus to Rout

One stream of refugees chose the inland route across the shifting sands of the Namib Desert into South West Africa. Others boarded fishing trawlers sailing down the southeastern Atlantic's treacherous Skeleton Coast to Walvis Bay. Still others joined a convoy of trucks that crossed the Cunene River and headed along the scorched Namib coastline, known locally as the Coast of Loneliness. The refugees were the vanguard of an estimated 350,000 people who are trying desperately to escape from Angola. As the vicious civil war among the Portuguese territory's three black independence parties has steadily worsened, the exodus of both blacks and whites has become a rout.

For many, the nearest refuge is South West Africa (Namibia), the huge territory administered by South Africa. When South African officials recently opened up one border post in South West Africa, they were confronted with a convoy of nearly 3,000 vehicles carrying about 10,000 homeless Portuguese. In all, perhaps 20,000 have so far crossed the border into South West Africa.

Notorious Coastline. Many of them tell gruesome tales of the civil war. The most terrifying feature of the struggle, said Leona Parsons, a missionary based at Bongo in central Angola, "was the complete breakdown of all normal civilized life. As long as I live, I shall never forget the sight of the bodies in the streets and the pigs eating them." Added Farmer Geres Miljo, a refugee

BRANDING SCENE FROM THE STORY OF O





HEAVILY ARMED F.N.L.A. TROOPS HOLD TWO M.P.L.A. SOLDIERS CAPTIVE OUTSIDE LUANDA. Civil war, shipwreck and a scorching trek along the Coast of Loneliness.

from Sá da Bandeira: "If you get in the way of the soldiers, you die."

Many who attempted the more dangerous escape routes never made it. Several of the 18 fishing trawlers that headed down the coast toward Walvis Bay were swamped by breakers or foundered on the rocks of a coastline notorious for shipwrecks. As of last week, only 14 boats, carrying about 300 refugees, had struggled to safety in Walvis Bay. The South African government has set up army tent towns as reception centers for the refugees. As quickly as possible the exiles are shunted on to Windhoek or Walvis Bay for air and sea passage back to Portugal.

Fetid Shantytown. In Luanda, the capital, some 200,000 *retornados* have signed up for emergency airlifts to Portugal. The Luanda airport has become a fetid shantytown. American, French, German, British and Portuguese airlines are flying in to remove the refugees, but for many the wait will be weeks.

Meanwhile the civil war in Angola continued without respite last week. The death toll is estimated at more than 4,000. For the moment, at least, the Marxist, Soviet-backed Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) seems to have the upper hand. It has tightened its control over key urban areas, including Luanda, chasing out wings of the National Front (F.N.L.A.), a group armed by China but supported by Western business interests as well. The M.P.L.A. has also gained ground in southern Angola, traditionally a base for the moderate UNITA, perhaps the most popular but also the weakest militarily of the independence groups. The M.P.L.A.'s success in the south has prompted speculation that it may be considering a merger with UNITA. The Lisbon government would probably welcome a pact between the two. It would allow Portugal to hand over control of Angola on Nov. 11—the scheduled date for independence—to groups that the-

oretically represent two-thirds of the country's black population.

Still, nobody can predict which independence group might win the ultimate confrontation. Reports from Luanda last week said that mercenaries—many of them former Portuguese soldiers—were getting involved in the war, and it seemed they were all fighting against the M.P.L.A. The largest mercenary group—about 600 men—was reportedly fighting for the F.N.L.A. The F.N.L.A. gets steady arms support from neighboring Zaïre and has the largest cadre of battle-tested troops. For the moment, it seems content to keep on harassing the M.P.L.A. in urban areas, forcing the rival group to spread its resources thin across the huge 481,367-sq.-mi. territory. The F.N.L.A.'s big push on Luanda will probably not come until Lisbon removes its 26,000 troops in November. Thus the future looks as bloody for Angola as the past—and present.

CAMBODIA

Hello, Goodbye

"When they no longer need me, they will spit me out like a cherry pit," Prince Norodom Sihanouk once said of Cambodia's new Khmer Rouge rulers. He had good reason for his apprehension. As head of state during the 1960s, he had exiled, jailed or executed many of the Khmer rebels. But last week the past was officially forgotten—at least temporarily. After more than five years of exile in China, Sihanouk and his wife, Princess Monique, made a triumphal return to Phnom-Penh. Traveling from Peking with the royal family was Deputy Premier Khieu Samphan, who is believed to be the real power in the new Cambodian regime.

Marching military bands and ranks of dancing children gave Sihanouk a big send-off from Peking. The welcome

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in Phnom-Penh was equally effusive. Cheering crowds of Khmer Rouge soldiers, Buddhist monks, civil servants and workers greeted the royal entourage at the recently repaired Pochentong Airport, focal point of last April's Communist siege of the capital. Clad in a black, tunic-style Chinese suit, Sihanouk saluted the flag, reviewed the troops and then proceeded by motorcade to the royal palace in Phnom-Penh.

Threatening Demigod. The palace, which was officially reopened for the first time since Lon Nol's 1970 military takeover from Sihanouk, may not be occupied for long. Though the Prince is formally Chief of State of the Royal Government of the National Union of Cambodia, his function within the Khmer Rouge government will probably be very limited. Revered in the countryside not merely as a monarch but as a Buddhist demigod, Sihanouk could become a serious political threat to the newly entrenched Communist leadership. His return was brokered by the Chinese, who are vying with North Viet Nam (and indirectly with the Soviet Union) for leverage in Cambodia. But the new regime in Phnom-Penh is likely to limit Sihanouk to a largely ceremonial—and remote—role as roving ambassador. He is already scheduled to make a brief October visit to the United Nations General Assembly meeting in New York City. The best indications are that he will be kept traveling at least half the time.

Two years ago in Peking, Sihanouk said: "I do not like the Khmer Rouge, and they probably do not like me. But they are pure patriots, not puppets of the Soviet Union, China or North Viet Nam, and they are honest and able." The Khmer Rouge appear to feel roughly the same way about Sihanouk.



PRINCE SIHANOUK IN PEKING. A roving demigod.

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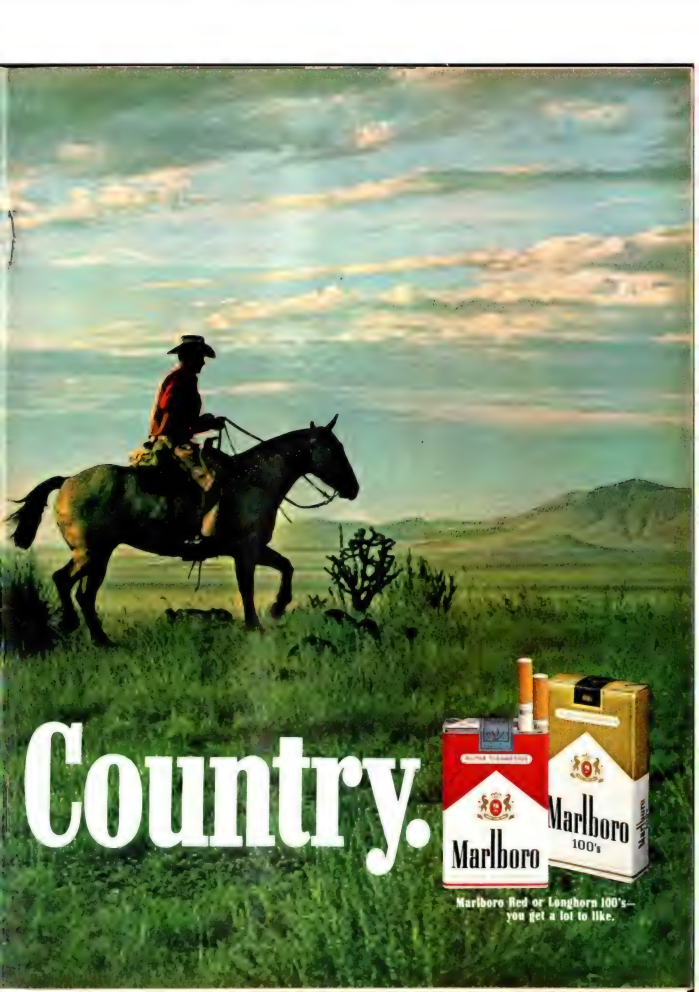


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"IT'S A SONY."



YOUNGSTERS PARADE IN SAIGON TO CELEBRATE NORTH VIET NAM'S INDEPENDENCE DAY

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Toward a New Balance of Power

In the wake of the collapse of Saigon's Thieu regime four months ago, North Viet Nam has been emerging as a major Southeast Asian power. When, for example, a mausoleum honoring the late Ho Chi Minh was unveiled during Hanoi's recent independence celebrations, the ceremony was attended by dozens of visiting foreign dignitaries. To assess Southeast Asia's changing geopolitical landscape, Otto Fuerbringer, editor of magazine development at Time Inc. and former managing editor of TIME, toured the region and talked with many of its leaders. His report:

The shape of Southeast Asia's future will be largely determined by 1) the extent to which North Viet Nam succeeds in taking over all of Indochina, 2) the thrust of the Chinese-Soviet cold war and 3) the nature and direction of the continuing U.S. presence in Asia.

There is little doubt that Hanoi would like to have all of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia under its control. Saigon and the Mekong Delta, for instance, are prizes the North Vietnamese treasure, but they would prefer to absorb them with a minimum of dissension and violence. Thus Hanoi's tactics in South Viet Nam are shrewd and pragmatic: go slow, don't push, re-educate.

Stronger Links. In Laos, Hanoi is already dominant, since it controls the Pathet Lao, which recently abolished the last vestiges of coalition government. In Cambodia, almost completely closed to the scrutiny of outsiders, it seems that Hanoi is not doing as well. While two Cambodian officials with strong ties to North Viet Nam were recently raised to high positions, an aid agreement between the Cambodians and the Chinese characterized the two countries as "comrades in arms." This could indicate that Cambodia is re-enforcing its links with Peking. That and Prince Norodom Si-

hanouk's visit to Phnom-Penh (see story page 38) bring cheer to most Southeast Asian capitals, where the hope is that a Chinese-Cambodian alliance will be able to neutralize North Vietnamese-Soviet influence and thus keep Indochina divided.

The struggle over Indochina is only part of the Sino-Soviet cold war. The Chinese fear a Russian encirclement—Moscow's allies on China's southern border could complement Soviet troops on China's northern flank. During his recent visit to Peking, Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos was told by the Chinese, "Our enemy is Russia." As Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping put it, "Two-thirds of the Soviet troops are now committed to the European front. But we are anticipating the day when they will be free to turn against us."

A Little Bait. In Southeast Asia, the Soviet drive is for military bases. The Russians are eying Cam Ranh Bay, the massive port in South Viet Nam built by the U.S. for more than \$130 million. Because such an acquisition would really alarm China, most observers see it as unlikely. "Whether Hanoi avoids Peking's wrath will depend on how successfully the North Vietnamese can make it appear that they are working in Asia's interest and not just in their own or the Soviet Union's," said Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. "Hanoi just cannot allow the Russians to build a base in North Viet Nam. What it can do is throw the Soviets a little bait now and then, like servicing a ship or two at Cam Ranh."

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union must content itself with an enlarged navy cruising the Indian Ocean and the South China Sea and with a dramatically enlarged presence in Southeast Asian countries. In the Laotian capital of Vientiane, the tiny office of Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, lists 150 Russians as em-

ployees. There are intelligence reports that the Soviets have brought 40 patrol boats to cruise the Mekong River border between Thailand and Laos. China, for its part, maintains close contact with the Communist movements in Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines, and would support any guerrilla insurrections in these nations.

The leaders and peoples of the countries surrounding Indochina, and those of Japan as well, have put the Viet Nam War behind them and harbor almost no bitterness toward the U.S. Indeed, despite some anti-American rhetoric, they hope for a continued strong American presence in Asia. If nothing else, they see the U.S. as a force neutralizing China and the Soviet Union. Seni Pramot, leader of Thailand's Democratic Party, observed, "We have cock fights in Thailand, but sometimes we put a sheet of glass between the fighting cocks. They can peck at each other without hurting each other. In the cold war between Moscow and Peking, the glass between the antagonists can be Washington."

There are other important reasons for the U.S. to maintain its power in Asia. It has sea-lanes to protect and a western frontier to guard. Above all, there are the non-Communist countries of East and Southeast Asia that have been allies of the U.S. in the past and that the U.S. can now, in the post-Viet Nam atmosphere, assist in new ways. A lower military profile will enable the U.S. to concentrate on economic and technological aid to these nations.

Burying Grudges. With America's military presence reduced to air and naval forces (an important exception is the 42,000-man U.S. force in South Korea), the non-Communist nations of Southeast Asia have been moving toward accommodation with their Communist neighbors. This was most explicitly spelled out by Thailand's politically skilled Premier Kukrit Pramoj. In a recent speech he observed: "The thrust of our foreign policies is the burying of old grudges, the overcoming of old fears, the opening of new doors."

While Kukrit's words were directed primarily toward China, Cambodia and North Viet Nam, they were also aimed at Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines. Along with Thailand, these sometime rival states now constitute the eight-year-old Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN). Although the organization is no more than a loose grouping, its leaders are all strong, capable rulers determined to protect their own country's independence.

It is to the ASEAN states that the U.S. will most profitably be able to extend assistance. By helping them, as well as South Korea, Washington will be aiding nations most of which are not democracies but which have significantly greater economic and social freedom than their Communist neighbors and are striving to improve the material well-being of their people.



GESCHEIDT'S JACKIE ONASSIS AS MONA LISA



AMIN & POPE PAUL COME FACE TO FACE



Only a psychiatrist would know why I really did it," mused Photographic Cartoonist **Alfred Gescheidt** of his latest creation. After superimposing the face of **Jackie Onassis** on Mount Rushmore ("to show her place in history") and on the head of the Sphinx (because "that is the natural place for a woman"). Gescheidt has now fitted the former First Lady into the *Mona Lisa*. "The *Mona Lisa* is forever, and people are always interested in Jackie," said the artist. "She has the same inscrutable smile; it's dead perfect."

With an entourage of 40, Uganda's eccentric and frequently brutal President, General **Idi Amin Dada**, set off on his long-planned tour of Europe. First stop: Castel Gandolfo. **Pope Paul's** summer residence outside Rome. Though

Big Daddy showed up 20 minutes late for the audience, Pontiff and President met for more than an hour and discussed some of the problems facing Catholic missionaries to Uganda. Chief among them was Amin himself, who has restricted the entry of the clergymen into his country. Afterward, while acting as host at a cocktail party for 160 at the Grand Hotel in Rome, Big Daddy scoffed at any suggestion that he might be worrying about his public image. "I am a big man," he explained. "I don't mind if some people don't like me."

"I'm tired of playing beautiful-girl-friend parts. I'm getting choosy," asserted **Maud Adams**, 30, Swedish-born starlet and former cover girl for

Elle and *Ladies' Home Journal*. After secondary billing in six pictures, including *The Man with the Golden Gun* and *Rollerball*, Adams insists in the traditional publicity cliché that she is ready for some roles that dramatize her emotional depths rather than her physical projections. "I'm grateful I have good looks because they brought me into the business. But I want a different image." Then why keep posing for those cheese-cake publicity pictures? Her startlingly honest reply: "I always posed for lady-like pictures and nobody used them."

Four hundred dollars for a handcrafted doorknob? It did seem sort of funny for a law-and-order mayor like Philadelphia's Mayor **Frank Rizzo**, whose official salary is \$434 a week. But according to a series of stories in the Philadelphia *Daily News*, he has invested more than \$400,000 in a swank new home in the Chestnut Hill section—including \$20,000 for a three-car garage.

\$30,000 for stonework and \$7,000 for a patio. "These are pure and simple political charges made by a newspaper that blatantly seeks to influence the outcome of the mayoral election in November," responded Mayor Rizzo. "This is a sad day for journalism."

When tax troubles closed his Manhattan watering hole nearly two years ago, Restaurateur **Toots Shor**, 72, seemed to be down for the ten-count. Not a chance. Last week the Runyonesque drinking companion to personae athletic, literary and political opened the swinging doors of a new bar across the street from Madison Square Garden. "A good saloonkeeper is the most important man in the community," philosophized Toots, whose jampacked first-night crowd included Yankee Manager **Billy Martin**, ex-Met **Yogi Berra**, former Heavyweight Champ **Jack Dempsey** and Basketball Commissioner **Larry O'Brien**. And what had the legendary raconteur been doing during these past two years of unemployment? "I've spent my time going to other bars," answered Toots.

Hardly a bobby-soxer could be found, but the silk-stocking crowd showed up in force as Crooner **Frank Sinatra**, 59, Singer **Ella Fitzgerald**, 57, and Bandleader **Count Basie**, 71, took to the stage of Manhattan's *Uris Theater*. Sinatra sounded fuller of voice than he has in years. Ella delivered her love songs like a woman who realizes she looks more like a schoolmarm than a possible vamp, and the Count, now rolipoly in old age, played only three numbers with his band, which was a shame. But their fans have not faded away. The opening-night audience included former New York City Mayor **Robert Wagner**, 65, ex-Governor **Averell Harriman**, 83, **Lauren Bacall**, 51, and **Gregory Peck**, 59. With mezzanine seats selling for \$35 each and orchestra seats going for \$40, *Uris Theater* managers expected to take in close to \$1 million for the 16 scheduled performances.

Most people could not pronounce his name. He came from the back courts; he applauded his opponent's best shots if he thought an adversary had got a bad linesman's call, he would chivalrously knock his next return into the net. He smiled his toothy grin when his rivals snarled or cursed. But last week **Manuel Orantes**, 26, an opician's son from Barcelona, took the center court at Forest Hills in the U.S. Open tournament and beat the stuffing out of **Jimmy Connors**, 23, who has a lot of stuffing and some of the best shots in all tennis. Orantes dinked, he dunked and he tossed top-spin lobs just over the head of the hard-charging Connors. He won his final point with a soft passing shot



U.S. OPEN CHAMP ORANTES

to the coffin corner that caught Connors going the other way. Manuel fell to his knees in ecstasy, gratitude and delight—a posture that would occur to few other tennis players. With Jimmy already signed up for another lucrative televised match in Las Vegas early next year, Orantes suddenly found himself looming as the logical challenger. Said the young Spaniard happily: "I think now he has to challenge me."

"Characters are like boards," observed Actress **Elizabeth Ashley**, 36. "Some stay an hour, some stay weeks. I like the second way of acting. You transcend to the character, and she takes you through her journey. What you seek is to be possessed." Earlier this year Ashley was totally possessed by the role of Maggie during her highly acclaimed New York performance in *Cut On a Hot Tin Roof*. Then cast as Sabina in **Thornton Wilder's** 1942 comedy *The Skin of Our Teeth*, she showed herself to be equally consumed during the show's 2½-month tour through Birmingham, Washington, D.C., and Boston. ("It's the hardest thing I've ever done," she said at one point. "You can't act an idea.") In New York, alas, the magic ran out. Though the New York Times called Ashley's performance the "one good reason" for seeing the play, Wilder's 33-year-old parable showed a bit too much age for most of

ELIZABETH ASHLEY

the critics, and the show closed last week after seven performances.

Although he is a veteran of seven marriages and seven divorces, Actor **Mickey Rooney** seems determined to keep repeating that big wedding scene. So it was hardly surprising when a Hong Kong tabloid reported last week that Rooney, 54, had settled on Wife No. 8. "At long last I've found the girl of my dreams," the newspaper reported Mickey as saying, adding that he planned to wed **Jan Chamberlain**, 25, a singer-composer whom he has known for eight years. Not surprising, perhaps, to anyone but the supposed groom, who is now in Hong Kong working on a film. "I'm really sick of Mickey Rooney getting married," complained the star, as he denied the reports. "Who gives a damn? If we were going to do something, we'd do it, not talk about it."

Can the girl who took a midnight plunge and came up a celebrity learn to live with her reputation? The question jumps from the book cover of **Fanne Foxe**, *The Stripper and the Congressman*. Since her Tidal Basin swim and her romance with Arkansas Congressman **Wilbur Mills** went public last October, **Fanne Foxe** has made one R rated movie (*Posse from Heaven*), and has plans for a second, as well as a Las Vegas nightclub opening in December. Her new book, in which she tells of her alleged pregnancy by Mills and an abortion, is headed for a press run of 1 million paperback copies. Fanne herself has already headed for a promotion tour through 13 states. All of which will probably keep the Argentine Firecracker apart from her three children, her new \$175,000 Connecticut estate and the new subsidized Wilbur for quite some time. "I still love Mr. Mills," said Fanne last week. Small wonder

PEOPLE



MICKEY ROONEY WITH GIRL FRIEND JAN CHAMBERLAIN



FANNE FOXE AT HOME





VIEW OF ANACONDA'S BUTTE PIT MINE FROM THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

ENVIRONMENT

Into the Pit

This is the toughest, bawdiest town in America... By night it has a certain inferno-like magnificence. By day it is one of the ugliest places I have ever seen.

Butte has changed a lot since the late John Gunther described Montana's mineral capital in his 1946 book *Inside U.S.A.* The gambling joints and the whorehouses that once lined "Venus Alley" have disappeared. But the ugliness remains. In the years following World War II, Butte had a raw look because it was a boom town. Today it is shabby because it is dying. For the past two decades, the Anaconda Company's immense Berkeley pit has been slowly nibbling away one section of the hilltop city after another. Now the pit, a gaping, terraced ulcer 7,200 ft. long, a mile wide and 1,500 ft. deep, has begun to eat into the town's business district. By 1985, say some resigned residents, Butte as a city could simply cease to exist.

Eminent Domain. Butte was originally settled by gold prospectors, but it owes its development—and recent decline—to copper. In 1882, a prospector named Marcus Daly found a 5-ft. vein of 30% pure copper ore while searching for silver. Daly's discovery touched off a wild scramble for the precious ore, which was eventually won by Anaconda. By 1910, the company owned the rights to the minerals underlying 90% of the city. It also held the right of eminent domain, which allows it to buy up any sur-

face property that stands in the way of its operations.

For years, mining brought prosperity to Butte. Employment was high, amenities abundant; because of the availability of copper wire, most houses in Butte had electricity by 1890. But the cost was high. Pollution fouled streams and scarred mountainsides. By the mid-1940s, Butte's high-grade ore thinned out, forcing the company to increasingly undermine the town in its search for copper. By 1955, when the decreasing quality of the ore made even those operations uneconomical, Anaconda turned to cheaper open-pit mining.

The huge machines used in open-pit operations replaced many miners. Then the machines began digging into Butte itself. First opened just to the south of the city, the ever-growing Berkeley pit has swallowed neighborhoods with names like Dublin Gulch and Sin Town; since 1970, it has devoured most of the city's residential McQueen section. Currently, it is chewing away at downtown Butte. Meanwhile, a second pit, begun in 1973, has destroyed the Columbia Gardens amusement center and the city's only sizable park. With the remaining ore reserves due to run out in a decade, the next step would be to dig into the rest of the mineral-rich hill on which the city stands. As yet, the company, which is itself facing financial problems and has actually been losing money on its Butte operations, has not decided the fate of the hill. Says Anaconda's Montana mining chief Leonard Powell, "We don't know yet if we'll want

it. There are too many variables."

Meanwhile, the impact of the mine's encroachment continues to spread. Butte's population, which stood at 80,000 during the boom early in the century, has plummeted to 24,000 as many citizens fled in search of employment. More than 50 businesses have deserted the once-stylish uptown district since open-pit mining began. With the exception of one small bank building, no major construction has taken place in Butte since 1962. Arson has become common as people who are unable to sell their devalued buildings burn them for the insurance.

No Answer. Butte's few remaining boosters have not been able to come up with any realistic answer to the city's dilemma. If Anaconda were to abandon its operations in Butte and lay off its 3,000 employees there, the economic impact on the city would be devastating. Searching for a solution, the leaders of twelve Butte companies formed a non-profit organization to look into the possibility of relocating the threatened business district, and even found three suitable sites on the flatlands south and west of the city. But they have been unable to figure out how to raise the \$115 million or more that it will cost to make the move. "It's ironic," says Butte Retailer Dan O'Neill. "Mining created this town and mining is going to destroy it."

Oil-Eating Bug

Of all industrial accidents, few are messier than oil spills. Floating booms can contain surface oil and keep it from spreading, while it is picked up and recovered by giant vacuum cleaners. Straw filters can be used to pick up oil that makes its way into shallow waters. But scientists have been trying for years to develop more effective methods of dealing with spills. Now one team seems to have succeeded. General Electric announced last week that scientists at its Schenectady, N.Y., laboratories have created a microbe that can eat petroleum in quantity.

The bug that eats oil is the result of nearly six years of work by Ananda Chakrabarty, 41, an Indian-born microbiologist. Like most of his colleagues, Chakrabarty knew that at least four strains of the common pseudomonas bacteria contained enzymes that enabled them to break down different hydrocarbons—the major ingredients of oil. He combined these strains into what he describes as a "superbug" that can eat oil faster than any one of the four can individually.

Healthy Appetite. Chakrabarty first determined that the genes for oil-degrading enzymes were carried not on the microbes' chromosomes, where most genetic material is found, but elsewhere in the cell. He discovered that although the "plasmids," as these genes are called, were isolated and transferred from one bacterium to another easily enough, the

two batteries of genes he tested would not stay together in the same cell, nor could cells of different strains be paired. When they were, the bacteria competed with and inhibited each other.

Finally—after several experiments—Chakrabarty discovered that irradiating the host organisms with ultraviolet light after plasmid transfer induced a genetic cross-linking that fixed the new genes in place and produced stable bacteria with a healthy appetite for oil. The new microbe, to which Chakrabarty gives the jaw-breaking description "multi-plasmid hydrocarbon-degrading pseudomonas," can digest about two-thirds of the hydrocarbons involved in an oil spill. The new microbes have been tested only in the laboratory, where a pinch of microbes will eat an eyedropper of oil in a matter of days. This may seem slow, but it is between ten and 100 times faster than the four other strains of oil-eating microbes can work.

FFit Comes Back

What is the best way to apply deodorants, hair sprays, bug killers and window cleaners? For a decade after Windex introduced its now familiar bottle back in 1937, some manufacturers found the answer to the multimillion-dollar marketing question in the finger-operated pump, and they packaged a variety of products with re-usable squirters. Then, in the postwar years, the *ffit* of pump sprays was largely replaced by the *ssst* of aerosol pressure cans, which were simpler and more convenient. Now, however, pumps are making a comeback. Sales of products equipped with them are rising: at present, pumps account for 10% of an estimated \$3 billion market. Some industry officials expect them to double their share by the end of 1976.

The reason for this resurgence is spreading concern about the fluorocarbon gases used as propellants in aerosol cans. A few widely publicized studies, including recent satellite observations, have suggested that these gases could gradually be destroying the ozone layer that shields the earth from a dangerous overdose of ultraviolet rays. Some scientists have scoffed at this doomsday prospect. But several manufacturers, among them such giants as Gillette and Bristol-Myers have been responding to popular doubts about aerosols by adding spray-pump containers to their product lines.

Aerosols are better than spray pumps for many jobs, notably those requiring a fine mist. ("Would you want to Windex your hair?" asks one industry spokesman.) On the other hand, pumps give the customer more for the money. An 8-oz. pump bottle of a leading hair spray costs a nickel more than a 13-oz. aerosol can of the same product. But it delivers more spray, anywhere from 10% to 90% of the content of an aerosol can is propellant.

Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive



Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

Her father works long hours as a sharecropper despite a chronic pulmonary condition that saps his strength. Her mother takes in washing whenever she can. Until recently, the total income of this family of six was about \$13.00 a month. Small wonder that they were forced to subsist on a diet of unpolished rice, swamp cabbage, and tiny fish the children seise from a nearby river.

Now Crispina enjoys the support of a Foster Parent in Tennessee whose contribution of sixteen dollars a month assures Crispina and her entire family of better food and health care. And, when Crispina is old enough, the help of her Foster Parent will give her a chance for an education, an opportunity to realize whatever potential she has to offer to this world.

How can such a small monthly contribution do so much in the life of Crispina's family? In the underdeveloped countries where Foster Parents Plan is at work, the need is so great, the pov-

erty so deep, that very few dollars can make a tremendous difference. In fact, with PLAN programs and services in place, the very communities where Foster Children live are aided toward self-improvement.

To become a Foster Parent is a special responsibility... and a most rewarding one. You become an influence in shaping the life of your Foster Child. You come to know the child through photos and a regular exchange of letters. Progress reports show you vividly how much good your contribution is doing. Of the many fine causes that ask for your support, few can offer you such a tangible and immediate way to help others.

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Please send a photo and case history of the Foster Child. Enclosed is my first contribution ☐ \$16 monthly, ☐ \$48 quarterly, ☐ \$192 annually.

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Mock Thoroughbreds

Cannabis is leading by a head as the racers approach the finish line. Backers of Gourmet Belch in the crowd of 450 spectators ringing the course have not lost hope, however, because their favorite is making a determined run at the leader. Suddenly Gourmet Belch stops dead in its tracks and Cannabis veers off unexplainably. From back in the pack Motown Missile, pride of the Israeli Rocket Racing Stables, surges down the stretch, takes the lead, and sprints home the winner—by a beak.



CROWD WATCHING RACE AT BRENNAN'S
Raw hamburger and jelly beans.

The sport of kings this is not. Instead of the turf at Churchill Downs, the course is in the asphalt parking lot outside Brennan's bar at Marina Del Rey in Los Angeles. And despite his come-from-behind victory, Motown Missile has yet to prove that he deserves to be classed with the legendary Sea Biscuit, a sprinter without peer and the all-time mock thoroughbred turtle.

At Brennan's anyway. Chelonian racing has been popular in California for over a decade, but at Brennan's it has become a cult. Each Thursday evening up to 700 aficionados toting map turtles, pacific pond turtles, diamond-

backs and other favored varieties converge on the bar in search of a spot on its 13-race card and the chance to cart home a plywood trophy. There are time sheets and a record book, and the turtle with the evening's fastest time has its name engraved on a plaque that sits behind the bar. The track record is held by Sea Biscuit. He once covered the 8-ft. distance from the center of the 16-ft. circle that serves as the course in a hare-like four seconds flat.

Sea Biscuit Owner Jim Mooney, a machinist from nearby Torrance, transports him and the 30 other terrapins he races in water-filled ice chests in the back of his Dodge "turtle van." Says Mooney: "It shows a lot of class if you can keep a turtle healthy and running for five or six years." Main threat to the turtles' health: the customers at Brennan's. Fueled up on "jelly beans," a deadly concoction of anisette and blackberry brandy, they pose a mortal threat to the hardtop thoroughbreds plodding underfoot.

The action attracts its share of celeb-



MOONEY WITH WINNING CHELONIAN

rities. Actor Clint Eastwood races a champion named Big Bertha, and Comedian Dick Smothers owns a speedster named Juan Fango, named after the retired Argentine Grand Prix driver. Smothers' wife Linda thinks she knows the reason for Juan Fango's success: "Turtles are supposed to like lettuce, tomatoes and broccoli, but ours will eat raw hamburger." Says Jim Duffer, master of ceremonies at Brennan's, who calls the races attired in a green tuxedo: "I can't stand the little beasts. They bite."

The Drivers' Network

"Let's go get that pig."
"O.K., we're moving from 2 to spot 5."

Using coded numbers referring to prearranged assembly points, a good many of the car-borne rioters cruising the streets when school busing began in the Louisville area a week ago brought

a new weapon to the arsenal of the urban demonstrator: the citizens' band radio. When local officials realized that elusive troublemakers had been keeping track of the cops as well as each other through these inexpensive two-way sets, they struck back in kind. They obtained a powerful transmitter of their own and used it to jam CB channels with loud signals whenever the chatter indicated that rioters were on the move.

Though it was scarcely intended to be an aid to urban protesters, CB may be the fastest-growing communications medium since the Bell telephone. Used largely as a plaything after its introduction in the 1950s, it first invaded the air waves in force during the 1973 oil embargo, when speed limits were dropped to 55 m.p.h. and truck drivers installed the units to warn each other of radar traps. In the past year, the vogue has spread to a vast and vocal number of private-car owners, who have tied into a short-wave system* that today links an estimated 6 million radio sets. For most of its users, the CB system has become a new information-and-entertainment radio network of the road.

No Exam Needed. While some CB owners exchange aimless chitchat or jokes, the primary use for the sets, which have a range of about 15 miles, is to apprise other drivers of road hazards, weather conditions and emergencies. On the nation's highways this summer, auto-borne vacationers with CBs could get all this information—and a lot more. A family returning from Maine took a tip from a driver who called himself Thermidor and lucked into an exceptional lobster restaurant. Some of the CB messages are unembarrassedly commercial. A group of CB-assisted hookers plies one of the main highway approaches to Los Angeles ("This is Tender Love. I've got Lady Jane here ready for a pit stop").

Chicago-based CB Center of America, which operates two retail stores on each coast, reports sales of 500 sets per week, double last year's rate. Says Co-Owner Fred Bartlett: "We're selling them to salesmen, doctors, businessmen, housewives—just about everyone." Unlike "ham" radio, which calls for considerable expertise and costs at least \$700 for a good set, a CB unit takes no more skill to operate than a telephone and costs only about \$120. No exam is needed for the \$4, FCC-required CB license, but only a minority of buyers bothers to get one in any case.

TIM's Chicago bureau chief, Benjamin Cat, recently monitored highways in his area with a rented 4-watt set. He reports: "Motorists have dis-

*In which users can tune their sets to transmit or receive on any of 23 channels in the high-frequency band, close to the "land mobile" channels used by cab companies and others.



CHICAGO DRIVER TRANSMITTING
Lobsters and Lady Jane.

ered that instead of being isolated in a car, listening to some dreary radio station, CB helps them stay alert and puts them in touch with scores of other drivers. A typical transmission we picked up in Illinois went like this: 'Breaker 10 [the emergency frequency], this is Buffalo Bill in an 18-wheeler rolling by Mile 78 on I-90 North. Got an overturned camper here, lots of smokeys [police] in the area, and it's pretty congested.' It was a useful message, and it made the point that what may have started out as a fad or a tool against police has turned into a valuable driving aid. In Kansas the number of deaths caused by drivers falling asleep, for example, has been on the decline for two years, and police attribute the drop to CB."

Seat Covers. Though initially leary of CB, many state police now agree that it is an ally. As an experiment the Missouri Highway Patrol allowed 140 troopers to install CB units at their own expense in September 1974. In the following six months, CB-equipped state patrol cars logged 667 calls from private drivers, not including requests for road conditions and directions. The calls resulted in 221 arrests, most of them for such offenses as drunken driving and speeding; among those nabbed were 21 wanted criminals.

In Kansas, where a quarter of the state force has installed CB sets at its own expense, troopers are reaching the scene of serious accidents in one-third the time it took two years ago. "If you want to travel safely, the only way to go is CB," says Kansas Highway Patrol Sergeant Oscar Becker. He adds dryly: "And there's a lot more wit on CB than you'll get on TV." Perhaps. From the elevated perch in a truck cab, drivers are ever alert to the virtues of attractive legs in passing cars. Reported one who got but a fleeting glance: "I've got my mind on what I'm doing, trying to catch up with a super pair of seat covers."

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Skin Trouble

In square footage of exposed epidermis, the cover of this month's *Playboy* is hardly remarkable: a couple of bare arms and a single unholstered breast. But those appendages belong not to one comely lady but to two, and their embrace suggests something more than a hello. Inside are ten color pages of female couples in various stages of sapphic bliss. Has *Playboy*, the bible of macho heterosexuality, gone lesbian?

Not exactly. The magazine has in the past run occasional shots of women fondling each other, and *Playboy* Publicist Lee Gottlieb says: "The experts tell me that two women making love to each other is a male turn-on." But

panting competitors as *Gallery*, *Genesis*, *Dude*, *Club*, *Game*, *Cavalier*, *Adam* and *Hustler*, have been leaving less and less to the imagination. *Playboy* has expanded its Playmate of the Month spread from two or three pages to as many as nine. *Penthouse* routinely features male-female and female-female couples. Hefner's *Oui* (circ. 1.3 million), which set out three years ago to out-rough *Penthouse*, is a virtual consumer guide to self-abuse, sadomasochism, bondage and other subjects that were once the province of hard-core porn.

The war has not been going too well for *Playboy*. Advertising revenue is

this summer hired away James Goode, the editor most responsible for *Penthouse's* investigative success. Guccione, unfazed, plans to bring out a magazine next March called *Bravo*, described by someone who has seen the dummies as "a lot raunchier than *Penthouse*, devoid of political content or investigative reporting." Not that all is going well. Guccione's *Viva*, a classily pornographic *Cosmopolitan* launched two years ago, has lost some \$3 million.

King Raunch. The upstart that other editors are worried about, however, is *Hustler*, a kind of blue-collar *Playboy* that bids to become the king ranch of the skins. Since *Hustler* was founded 14 months ago by a Columbus, Ohio, restaurateur named Larry Flynt, its



Playboy's lesbian offensive is a new escalation in the war of the lower depths. Plump, expensively produced variants of *Playboy* are spreading like herpes sores, and enthusiasts can choose from an estimated 35 different titles. The big three—*Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Oui*—alone sell some 10 million copies a month, double the circulation of the entire skin-magazine industry a decade ago. But profits are chancy, competition for readers is getting hotter, and the magazines are becoming ever more erotic. Last week Eastern Newsstand Corp., a distributor with 105 outlets in New York, Chicago, Cleveland and Atlanta, responded to complaints by displaying skin magazines in plain paper wrappers.

Gaury Nudes. Father Rabbit Hugh Marston Hefner, who started *Playboy* in 1953, crossed the public-hair Rubicon three years ago, but only after goading by Bob Guccione, whose *Penthouse* first appeared in 1969 full of gaury nudes with hirsute private parts. Since then, the two antagonists, as well as such

down 7½%, and newsstand sales are down nearly 17%. For the first time, *Playboy's* circulation (5.8 million, v. 3.7 million for *Penthouse*) has fallen short of its 6 million-copy guarantee; the magazine last month began offering partial refunds to advertisers. *Playboy*, however, still makes money, while Hefner's nonpublishing sidelines mostly do not. *Playboy* Enterprises, Inc., the parent firm, last week announced its third consecutive losing quarter. *Playboy* is considered by its competitors as still relatively mild. "Bondage is where the action is right now, but we have been slow to pick up on it," complains one *Playboy* editor. No need to, argues Editorial Director Arthur Kretschmer: "We still have the class act of the magazine business. The answer is not more skin."

Few rivals would agree. "I no longer regard *Playboy* as a serious competitor," says Bob Guccione. He is hardly unbiased. But *Playboy* photographs display a sophisticated eroticism that *Playboy's* more bare and square style has seldom been able to match. Moreover, critics praise its crusade on behalf of Viet Nam veterans and its tough investigation of Mob activity at California's La Costa resort. Counterattacking, *Playboy*

claimed circulation has leaped to 1.3 million, which may make it the hottest book in the skin trade. It is also revolting. Recent issues have featured an erotic nude takeout on a fourteenish girl, a how-to piece on oral intercourse and six color pages of a woman being ravished by a snake. Says Flynt: "Neither Hefner nor Guccione wants to admit that people are buying skin mags for a turn-on first and for editorial quality second."

But there is evidence that the field is becoming lethally crowded. As titles proliferate, newsstand space is tough to get. The prime market for skin magazines—males aged 18 to 34—is not growing as fast as before now that the postwar baby bulge is slipping through that bracket. And, horror of horrors, the sexual revolution that the skin books helped foment has gone so far that it becomes harder and harder to captivate an increasingly jaded audience. As *Playboy* and its eager rivals become ever more daring and explicit, the sultans of skin may find they have won the battles but lost the war.

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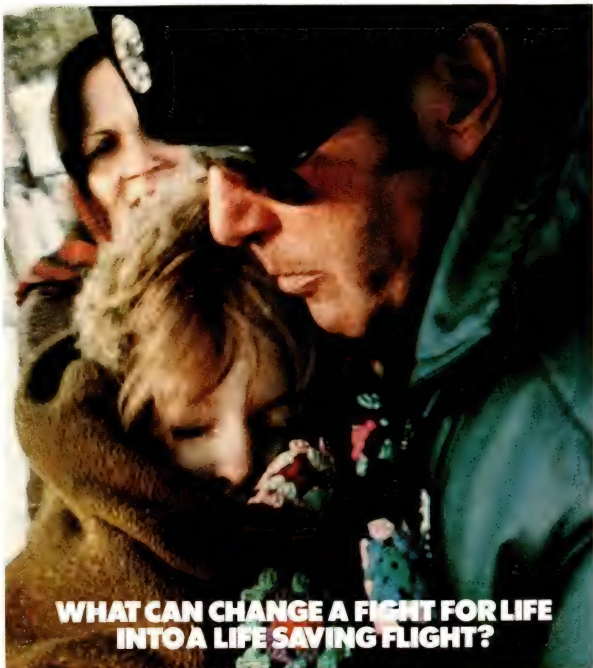


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A Saint for America

Six U.S. cardinals, 80 bishops, 700 priests, 1,300 nuns and thousands of other Americans on charter tours descended on Rome last week for a singular event in Catholic history. Over the centuries, their church had designated thousands of saints, including 22 from Uganda, 20 from Japan, and 40 from England, but never had a native-born citizen of the U.S. been canonized.* Now the church was to remedy that as Pope Paul VI infallibly proclaimed Mother Elizabeth Seton (TIME, Dec. 23) a saint who should be venerated "in the company of saints with pious devotion."

Ever since Vatican II, canonizations have been less ornate than they used to be. No trumpets would blare during Mother Seton's Mass, nor would banners wave in St. Peter's Square, where the ceremony was scheduled to be held. Still, the more than 50,000 onlookers in the square would witness a mighty spectacle as the white-robed Pope proceeded from St. Peter's to a specially constructed outdoor altar. Behind it, a huge tapestry depicted Mother Seton looking down from heaven on North America.

To mark this a special day for Catholic women and celebrate the International Women's Year, the Pope would for the first time permit a nun to read one of the lessons in his presence. She was Sister Hildegard Marie Mahoney of Convent Station, N.J., the head of the Federation of Mother Seton's Daughters. And four women, one each from France, Italy, Spain and Canada, had been chosen to present petitions for canonization during the 2½-hour ceremony.

For nearly a century, thousands of American Catholics had prayed and worked for this moment. Canonization would mean that Mother Seton was "the first American girl who 'made good' according to God's exact standards," Jesuit Writer Leonard Feeney once observed. Whatever God's standards, those of the Catholic Church are strict indeed. Vatican officials had sifted and sifted again through more than 3,000 letters and other writings by Mother Seton to assess her character and deeds.

Along with virtue, miracles were required, and the most celebrated visitors in Rome for the canonization were two persons whose cures, attributed to the heavenly intercession of Mother Seton, had been decreed miracles. One was Mrs. Ann O'Neill Hooe, 27, of Severn, Md., who recovered from childhood leukemia 23 years ago. The other was Florida's Carl

Kalin, 73, a convert from Lutheranism only last year, who was cured of a rare brain disease in 1963. The third case involved a nun, since deceased, who had recovered from cancer of the pancreas.

The term saint conjures up legend-laden biographies and sanitized persons from the dim past. But Mother Seton did not live out her life in a cloister. Born in New York in 1774, she was Betty Bayley Seton, a socialite who read Voltaire, prayed in French and danced at George Washington's 65th-birthday ball. She was also a devoted wife, mother of five children and volunteer charity worker. But then her husband's fortunes and health failed. Two years after he died of tuberculosis in 1803, she scandalized her family and friends by converting from the Episcopal Church to Catholicism. After moving to Maryland, she entered the service of the church, forming the first native American order of nuns, the Sisters of Charity. By opening a Catholic free school and developing its curriculum, she also laid the foundations of the U.S. parochial school system.

"I'm emotionally caught up in this," said one visitor to Rome, Mrs. Dow King Jr., of Austin, Texas. "Mother Seton has helped my family in serious illnesses. We feel that as the first American saint, she is the answer to peace." Some Catholics are less enthusiastic. To Joel Wells, acerbic editor of *The Critic*, the event is an ill-fated attempt by the Vatican to "lift

the sagging morale in the U.S. church." To some Sisters of Charity, the canonization is a nod to women's lib, for Mother Seton was a spirited and independent woman. "If I were a man, all the world should not stop me," she wrote three years before she died. "I would go straight in Xavier's footsteps, the waters of the abyss and the expanded sky should be well explored." Says Sister Patricia Noone of The Bronx, N.Y., a member of Mother Seton's order: "With a spirit like that, she might even survive canonization."

Love China '75

The Manila hotel ballroom was festooned with red Chinese lanterns last week, and behind the podium hung a huge black and white photo of Communist Chinese workers and soldiers on a sightseeing tour of the Forbidden City. The meeting was not, however, a rally for Mao, but a gathering of 419 Evangelical Protestants from 22 nations intent on spreading the Gospel to the People's Republic.

After the founding of that republic 26 years ago, bitter anti-Communism ran strong among the Chinese Evangelicals scattered across Asia, and the Western missionaries who work with them. Many of them seemed to think that Communist China did not exist. Yet at the conference, called "Love China '75," some delegates talked about Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai almost as if they were their old friends. Remarkable one delegate: "For the first time, Chinese Christians outside the mainland are seeing the Chinese not as 800 million blue ants but as human beings."

Friendly Statement. Missionaries are still barred from China. But some of the delegates wanted to send a friendly message to the Chinese people, while others favored a declaration insisting that the Communist government halt repression of Christians. The presiding chairman of the meeting favored a hard line. He was "Brother Andrew," a Dutchman who smuggles Bibles into Communist nations. "We can never trust the Communist leaders," he said. "Dialogue is a moral farce." By week's end the group decided to broadcast a friendly statement to the mainland.

Delegates also eagerly traded news about Christian communities that have survived, even thrived, under Mao (TIME, Dec. 16). One participant, former China Missionary Leslie Lyall, soberly suggested that the experiences on the mainland taught an important lesson. Believers in all countries, he warned, should begin memorizing Bible verses in case Christianity had to go underground in their countries as well.



MINIATURE OF ELIZABETH SETON, HER GIFT TO HER BRIDEGROOM IN 1794

*Some recognized saints were missionaries to what is now the U.S. and one, Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini canonized in 1946, was a naturalized citizen.



THE BAY CITY ROLLERS AT EASE: STUART WOOD, DEREK LONGMUIR, LES McKEOWN, ALAN LONGMUIR, ERIC FAULKNER

MUSIC

Hype or Hope?

Scotland's Bay City Rollers? Who? If you don't know, Sid Bernstein will tell you. Bernstein is a promoter, the man who staged the Beatles' momentous Shea Stadium concert in New York a decade ago. "Just like ten years ago all over again," he says. "I am not saying the Rollers are the new Beatles. I am saying that they are the biggest phenomenon since the Beatles."

This week the Rollers will make their U.S. television debut on the kick-off of ABC's new music-variety series *Saturday Night Live with Howard Cosell*. The five-man band will appear from London via satellite doing three typical songs: *Bye Bye Baby*, its first big hit; *Give a Little Love*, its current British chart buster; *Summer Love Sensation*, a new item. Everybody is sure the Rollers will be sensational enough to be demanded back. The group will tour 15 cities in the U.S. between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Bernstein is already negotiating a Shea Stadium date for next summer. And the group's first LP has just been released on the Arista label.

Soft Rockers. "Is it a hype? Is it a hope? Or is it a Bicentennial gift from the old country?" goes Cosell's introduction for the Rollers. Cosell's musical taste being on a par with his knack for objective sports reporting, it is likely that even he does not have the answers to those questions. What is known for sure about the Rollers is that they drive little girls wild. In the year and a half since they supplanted the Osmonds as the favorites of youthful Britain, weeping, squealing and screaming have been big things at their concerts. So has fainting. At a concert in London last May, 250 or so young things were treated on the scene and another 28 hauled off to a hospital.

Rollers is the British word for soft rockers. That accounts for one part of the group's name. Its collective eye on the American market, the Rollers stuck a pin in a map of the U.S. and hit Bay City, Mich.

Onstage, the boys—Alan and Derek (Longmuir), Les (McKeown), Eric (Faulkner) and Woody (Stuart Wood)—are the ultimate squeaky cleans. They claim not to drink. Only one admits to smoking, and then only cigarettes. At their press conferences, a pitcher of milk is always conspicuous on a table front and center. Their personal promotion describes them as just working-class lads from Edinburgh. That turns out to be true.

It all began seven years ago when the Longmuir brothers, Bass Guitarist Alan, then 19, and Drummer Derek, then 16, started a rock group called the Saxons. They rehearsed in their parents' tenement apartment. "They had the most patched-up bunch of electronic junk I'd ever seen," says Tam Paton, their manager. They also had, he recalls, "a freshness and an eagerness to please that were very appealing." A perhaps marketable, boy-next-door look, in other words.

For three years they worked this joint and that in Edinburgh for at most \$55 a night. Then one day in 1970 a record-company executive missed his flight back to London and dropped in at the Caves Club. The Rollers were playing. Almost immediately, the Rollers had a contract, and began turning out such British top-ten hits as *Remember: Shame-a-Lane* and *All of Me Loves You*.

Like the Beatles, the Rollers have devised a look all their own. Their denim trousers are cut halfway to the knee and trimmed with tartan. Below are striped football stockings and sneakers

Above are either T shirts or denim jackets, decorated with more tartan. Out in the audience, in Britain at least, are invariably several thousand girls dressed the same way. Says Manager Paton: "It's cheap, it's original, and any fan can dress like a Roller simply by sewing some strips of tartan on a shirt and cutting off the trouser leg at mid-calf." Right, Mom?

A Little Love. Neither the Rollers nor their backers make any great claims for their music, and that is probably just as well. Their songs are essentially pale imitations of the 1960s, in which one can hear echoes of the Beatles. Rolling Stones and Beach Boys mingled with the Rollers' own routine four-chord harmonies and chug-a-chug rhythms. The lyrics are never ambitious enough to confuse a ten-year-old. Sample:

*You have to give a little love,
take a little love.
Be prepared to forego a little love
And when the sun comes shining
through
We'll know what to do*

The Rollers' real expertise seems to lie in their ability to titillate the hearts and minds of their young audiences. One of their most adroit teasers is to encourage one or two girls to come up to the stage for a kiss, usually from Les, the lead singer.

The blunt truth is that the Beatles were inventive harmonically and had two major rock poets (John Lennon and Paul McCartney) in their number. No lyric like *She's Leaving Home* or *With a Little Help from My Friends* or *Eleanor Rigby* is within the Rollers' capacity, range or competence. In their favor is the fact that the young have been waiting for new rock heroes for years. Maybe—just maybe—the Rollers are next.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

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LYNDA J. WELLS

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Neurobiologist

HOBBIES: Yoga, classical guitar, hiking, cooking.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Jung's
"Memories, Dreams, Reflections"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Awarded a post-doctoral traineeship in experimental neurobiology.

QUOTE: "One of the most fascinating subjects for the scientist is the study of the human brain and human behavior. Neurobiological research will lead to an understanding of the basis of behaviors such as emotional illness."

PROFILE: Deep compassion gives her a strong commitment to help relieve the anguish of emotionally disturbed people.

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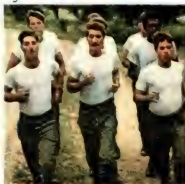
"No matter where you go, you've got to work. If you're on a farm, and you don't milk the cows or cut the hay, you don't get paid. Well, in the Army they pay you to grow up."

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Still Two Cultures

"The human race may begin to fear its scientists to such an extent that it will take uncontrolled action toward them."

When Canadian Psychiatrist Brock Chisholm, former head of the World Health Organization, issued that somber warning in 1957, the public seemed to be of two minds about scientists—awed by their stunning achievements, but increasingly apprehensive about new dangers brought by technological progress, from nerve gases to nuclear weaponry. How do people feel about scientists today? Two British weeklies, the *New Scientist*, which reports developments in research and technology for a largely scientific audience, and *New Society*, which is dedicated to the social sciences, recently collaborated on an unusual readership poll in order to find an answer—and also to determine whether scientists see themselves differently from how non-scientists see them.

The results show a wide chasm between what C.P. Snow called the "two cultures." For example, most scientists pictured themselves as approachable, open and admired people with wide-ranging interests. Yet most non-scientists thought they were remote, secretive and rather unpopular, with few interests outside their fields. The two sides disagreed most sharply on whether scientists had a strong sense of right and wrong. Generally, scientists affirmed that they "would stop their work if they thought it was harmful." But non-scientists were skeptical. Said one reader: "When I think of a scientist, I think of intellectual curiosity triumphing over moral responsibility."

Strong Disenchantment. A few non-scientists were openly abusive. One reader defined a scientist as "an uncultured illiterate." Others expressed their concern about the "dangers" of science, citing such worries as pollution, weapons research and what one writer described indignantly as experiments on "dogs, rabbits and other small animals in cages." Disenchantment with scientists was strongest among people in their 30s and 40s; rather surprisingly, given their supposed doubts about the benefits of modern technology, younger people were the least critical.

Many non-scientists said that they still think of scientists as intelligent, highly logical and well educated in their fields—despite a tendency to absent-mindedness and eccentricity. Scientists for their part concurred, at least about their own intellectual capacities. They also stressed what has long been regarded as their special virtue: a philosophical commitment to objective truth.

Asked to give their mental image of the typical researcher, non-scientists

tended to see him as a thin, balding, white-coated, middle-aged man in spectacles. But one reader added a telling apology: "Actually, I know a lot of scientists and they aren't a bit like this." As a matter of fact, the poll showed that a great many people who have strong opinions about "the scientific community" today are not really familiar with it. Of the 20 scientists most frequently mentioned by name in responses to the survey, only seven are living. Among them: Astronomer Fred Hoyle, Chemist Linus Pauling and Physicist John Taylor. The rest included such figures from the myth-laden past as Archimedes, Galileo, Marie Curie, Darwin and Einstein.

Sliding on Air

Even before the University of Hawaii's season-opening football game with Texas A. & I. last week, there had been a show of another kind of power and agility at the state's new \$30 million Aloha Stadium in Honolulu. Two weeks ago, four of the stadium's six huge, 147-ft.-high grandstand sections were swung closer to the playing field. That maneuver marked the final successful test of the revolutionary 50,000-seat stadium, which uses advanced technology to change its shape and purpose by literally sliding on a cushion of air.

When sports-happy Hawaiians began planning a new stadium in Honolulu eight years ago, they wanted an all-purpose arena that would serve equally well for football and baseball, a neat trick never satisfactorily performed. For example, when stadiums basically designed for football are also used for baseball, the outfield is likely to be so shallow that even weak hitters tend to turn into Hank Aarons. Charles Luckman Associates, the big Los Angeles architectural firm, decided on a novel approach: they designed a stadium that called for two large grandstand sections in fixed positions at the north and south ends of the field; the four other sections, paired on the east and west sides, were to be moved around as events required. The two pairs of east-west stands would be pulled in close to the playing field to frame the classic football grid, or pushed back and angled away to form a baseball diamond. The stands would also be reconfigured for concerts or other events.

But how to move the massive structures, each of which would be as high as a 14-story building and weigh 1,750 tons? After looking at a variety of techniques, the Luckman designers, collaborating with Rolair Systems, Inc. of Santa Barbara, Calif., found the answer in air-film technology. Already used by Boeing to move heavy airframes about and by San Francisco's Bay Area Rapid Transit system to swing subway cars around



at terminals, this new technology allows large, bulky objects to be maneuvered on so-called air bearings—thin (.031 in.) porous plastic disks. When air is forced through the disks from above at high pressure, it builds up underneath them in a thin film that acts as a bearing. In the Rolair-designed system at the Aloha Stadium, 416 such air bearings are positioned under the four movable stands. They are linked by pipe to three large compressors. When the compressors are turned on, the bearings lift the stands up about .004 in. above a smooth concrete surface. That is enough to reduce friction sufficiently so that the stands can be moved along by hydraulic jacks a distance of 180 ft. in only 20 or 25 minutes.

In fact, says Luckman's project chief, Samuel M. Burnett Jr., the stands can be maneuvered by muscle power alone. All it could take to prepare the stadium for baseball next spring is some season-end shoving by the football team.

SHARKS

THE SILENT SAVAGES

Theo W. Brown



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MILESTONES

Married. Samora Moises Machel, 41, bearded Maoist guerrilla fighter who became President of Mozambique when the East African nation gained its independence from Portugal last June; and Graca Simbine, thirtyish, Mozambique Minister for Education and Culture; he for the second time, she for the first; in Lourenço Marques, the country's capital. As head of the Front for the Liberation of Mozambique (Frelimo), Machel, a onetime hospital orderly, helped lead the bloody ten-year struggle that brought over 400 years of Portuguese domination to an end. Simbine formerly worked as an underground Frelimo agent, spying on Portuguese troop movements and military strength.

Married. Al Hirt, 52, Dixie-Pop trumpet player; and Lydia Lucas, 32, Hirt's business manager since 1969; both for the second time. In Algiers, La., less than an hour after Hirt's previous marriage of 33 years ended in divorce. Hirt is almost as famous for his heft (over 250 lbs. at the last weigh-in) as for his high-volume horn. His hits include such brassy tunes as *Java*, *Cotton Candy* and *Fly Me to the Moon*, which was piped into outer space in 1965 to help the Gemini 7 astronauts relax.

Died. Sir George Paget Thomson, 83, British physicist and chairman of the wartime committee that confirmed the feasibility of building an atomic bomb, in Cambridge, England. Thomson's father, Sir Joseph, discovered the electron in 1897 and won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1906; 31 years later, Sir George shared the same prize for his work on the wavelike movement of electrons. After the war, Sir George became a strong advocate of international atomic energy control.

Died. Robert Gordon Sproul, 84, president of the University of California from 1930 to 1958, during which time the multicampus university rose to international prominence; in Berkeley, Calif. Sproul, who graduated from U.C. in 1913, became president of the university after ten years as its comptroller. But he was a canny politician—by 1947 he had managed to get more than \$255 million from the state legislature. He offered high salaries and attracted an eminent faculty, while working hard to unify the university's southern and northern factions; at annual football contests between U.C.L.A. and Berkeley, Sproul switched sides at half time. A defender of civil and academic freedoms, Sproul won the enthusiastic support of his students; in 1947 they persuaded him to turn down Columbia University's invitation to become its president—an offer that was subsequently accepted by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

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A Quickening Recovery Faces Danger

As business moves into its traditionally bustling fall season, signs of a quickening recovery from the nation's most severe postwar recession are multiplying. Employment, store sales, industrial production and corporate profits have all turned up; the leading indicators—those statistics that tend to foreshadow future economic trends—have shown an exceptionally strong rise in the past five months (see chart). Yet the figures are breeding no euphoria; instead, many bankers, businessmen and economists see danger signals ahead. Their big worry is that a combination of resurging inflation, tight money, climbing interest rates, and inadequate Government stimulus to the economy will choke off the recovery, possibly as early as the middle of next year, before it has done much to bring down the nation's high unemployment rate, and perhaps even tip the economy into a new slump by 1977.

Tax Cuts. Those fears were analyzed last week by members of the TIME Board of Economists, who gathered in Manhattan to chart the probable course of the recovery over the next year or so. It was a spirited session marked by unusually sharp arguments between conservatives and liberals, and even some quarrels on specific points between ideological allies. Republicans Murray Weidenbaum and Beryl Sprinkel insisted that the recovery could keep going through 1976 and beyond with no more stimulus than the Ford Administration now plans, which will probably include acceptance of an extension of this year's temporary tax cuts. They believe any effort to force-fed greater growth could be severely inflationary. All six of their colleagues present at the meeting voiced deep worry that unless Washington shifts soon to more expansionary monetary or fiscal (tax and spending) policies, the upturn will begin to fizzle

out around the middle of next year.

Most of TIME's economists expect real gross national product—the output of goods and services discounted for inflation—to sprint up at an annual rate of about 7% for the rest of this year and through the first half of 1976. Prices at that time will probably rise at a 7% to 8% annual rate, a disturbingly rapid pace after so deep a recession as the U.S. suffered in 1973-74, but much better than the 15.4% compound annual rate of inflation the U.S. suffered in July. Unemployment, which fell from 9.2% in May to 8.4% in both July and August, will come down, but painfully slowly. It may well still be above 8% by year's end, and will decline only to 7.5% or a trifle less by late 1976. These forecasts, which are roughly in line with predictions voiced to a congressional task force last week by President Ford's chief economic adviser, Alan Greenspan, underscore an important point: the recession dragged the U.S. economy so far down that several years of unusually strong growth, not just one, will be needed to return the nation to full prosperity.

The short-range forecast of a healthy though hardly exuberant recovery is supported by reports from businessmen round the country; generally they are pleased with the first signs of revival, though many are impatient for more substantial evidence that activity has picked up. "It looks like a slower than normal recovery," says Chicago Banker Edward Boss. The brightest portent so far is department- and specialty-store sales, which have spurred rapidly in recent weeks. In Boston, Filene's and other stores with fancy boutiques are getting a healthy run from shoppers, many willing to pay up to \$75 for a pair of shoes, while such mass merchandisers as Outlet Co. stores report business running 6% to 10% ahead of last year. Re-

tail trade is also healthy in Los Angeles and Chicago; in August, Sears, Roebuck posted its biggest monthly sales gain since last October.

Many individual firms round the country are also feeling the first flush of recovery. In Waltham, Mass., Hewlett-Packard's medical electronics plant reports that orders are up 20% over a year ago, while in Norwood, Mass., Northrop Corp. is expanding its precision products plant to accommodate demand. Officials at Whirlpool Corp. in Michigan report that sales of appliances have been climbing since June.

The hardest-hit industries remain housing and autos, which have played key roles in lifting the economy out of past recessions. Housing starts are now running at about 1.2 million annually, vs. 1.3 million last year and 2.5 million in early 1973; they are generally not expected to increase much this year. Sales are depressed by high mortgage rates—still above 9% in many parts of the country—and the rapidly increasing cost of housing. On a national average, new-house prices are almost 8% higher than a year ago, and some have risen more than that. In Sharon, Mass., for instance, houses that sold last year for \$39,000 carry \$46,000 price tags today. Auto sales, though picking up, are still soft. Estimates now are that U.S. car sales, which in 1974 hit 7.4 million units, will slip below 7 million this year for the first time since 1962.

Greater Inflation. In the longer run, members of the TIME board foresee some more serious threats to the recovery. One is the resurgence of inflation from a roughly 5% annual rate last spring to July's 15.4%. Though no one expects prices to keep rising at that clip, Otto Eckstein figures they will go up at a rate of 10% or more for the rest of this year. The 7%-to-8% price rise that

JOBLESS IN LONG LINES AT CULVER CITY, CALIF., UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE WAITING TO RECEIVE BENEFIT CHECKS



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

most members foresee for the coming year pleases no one. Sprinkel considers that an argument for pursuing only moderately expansive monetary and fiscal policies. If that is done by the end of 1976, he thinks, price rises and unemployment rates could both be heading down sufficiently to leave the U.S. poised for further recovery. On the other hand, he argues, if the Government tries to pump enough money into the economy to prompt a faster rebound, it will only fan greater inflation that eventually would force a crackdown on demand. "We have one more chance now," he warns, "and if we blow it, we are going to have a very serious recession."

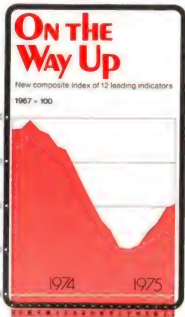
The majority of board members vehemently dispute that view. In their opinion the hardest inflationary push comes from food and fuel prices, which cannot be controlled by monetary and fiscal policy. "Oil and food prices," says David Grove, "have a life of their own." Arthur Okun adds that they are shooting up largely because of "self-inflicted wounds," resulting from Government actions. For example, most of the board members score the Administration for too readily allowing the Soviet Union to purchase 10 million metric tons of U.S. grain and kicking up American living costs; Eckstein calculates that food prices are likely to rise 10% between June 1975 and June 1976, and about 3% of that increase will result from the Russian purchases. Robert Nathan, Joseph Pechman and others argue that the Administration should negotiate an agreement that would keep Russian purchases each year within a specified range; the Administration is indeed now trying to work out a long-term grain arrangement with the Soviets, but seems to have a much more limited agreement in mind (see story page 64).

Run-Up. Most of the economists are also deeply worried that the long battle between President Ford and Congress over energy policy will end in abrupt decontrol of U.S.-produced oil and a damaging price run-up. They score Congress for rejecting Ford's plans for gradual decontrol and the President for vetoing last week a six-month extension of the price curbs (see following story). Says Eckstein: "It is a classic case of the right and left ganging up on the responsible middle because of the weakness of leadership in the White House and Congress." Most board members also expect the cartel of oil-producing countries to raise the price of foreign crude another \$1.50 per bbl. this month, adding further to consumers' oil bills.

In any case, a majority of the board maintains, inflation is not being caused by excess demand: U.S. industry is operating at only 70% of capacity, and the economy is producing \$250 billion fewer goods and services per year than it

could if it were operating at full potential. According to their argument, present fiscal-monetary policies will restrain not inflation but a faster recovery. Grove figures that in calendar 1975 the Government, through tax cuts and increases in spending, will pump \$73 billion of new stimulus into the economy, an amount equal to nearly 5% of the total worth of all goods and services produced. Next year, he reckons, if present tax and spending plans are not revised upward, the amount of stimulus will fall to \$29 billion, or only 1.7% of G.N.P.—even with an extension of the tax cut. "That," says Grove, "is one of the reasons you are going to get a significant slowdown in the rate of recovery in the second half of next year and into 1977."

Most board members are also unhappy about what they regard as the



Federal Reserve Board's tightfisted money-supply policy. Fed Chairman Arthur Burns has set a money growth target of between 5% and 7½% over the next ten months. According to Pechman, expansion of the money supply in the past two months has been close to zero. That, say Okun and Walter Heller, has been the chief cause of the sudden climb in interest rates recently. The bank prime rate on business loans has gone from as low as 7% in early June to as much as 8% last week. Weidenbaum, who believes the recovery and loan demand will continue to strengthen, reckons that even if the Fed increases the nation's money supply by 8% from now through next year, the prime rate will move up to 9% by the end of 1976. He is reconciled to that prospect, but Okun



CHECKING FOOD PRICES IN NEW YORK
Inflation poses a major threat.

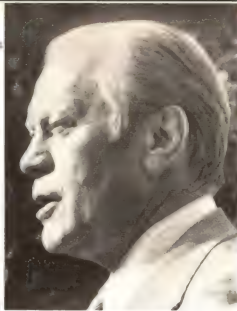
and Grove fear that such a rise would pull investment money out of the mortgage market, hurt the housing industry and put a damaging crimp in business spending for new plant and equipment.

Many members of the Board of Economists think the best strategy for speeding up the recovery and keeping it going past mid-1976 would be a combination of new tax cuts and more federal spending. The most comprehensive proposals were offered by Heller. He would 1) extend this year's individual income tax reductions for at least twelve months beyond the present expiration date of Jan. 1, 1976, 2) increase the size of the cut from its present \$8 billion to \$12 billion, and 3) add whatever was necessary to offset the impact of higher oil prices—anywhere from \$5 billion to \$8 billion. Thus Heller wants a tax cut next year totaling between \$17 billion and \$20 billion. He would also press for \$2 billion in additional revenue sharing for cities, an expanded public service job program and even some public works projects.

Needed Lift. On monetary policy, Heller, Okun, Pechman and Grove agree that the Fed for at least a year should pump out as much money as might be needed to keep interest rates relatively stable. That, they assert, would give a much needed lift to the credit-hungry housing field, spur an increase in capital spending and get the recovery moving quicker and unemployment down faster. Again Banker Sprinkel dissented. He noted that it required a money growth rate of 14% to keep interest rates steady last spring and asserted that any attempt to maintain such an expansion pace for a year would surely bring on severe inflation and abort recovery.



SENATOR HENRY JACKSON



PRESIDENT FORD IN STERN MOOD LAST WEEK

ENERGY

Non-Government by Veto

The continuing Washington stalemate over energy policy resembles nothing quite so much as a soap opera: at the end of each episode, events swirl toward a grand denouement only to emerge in the next episode as tangled as ever, with nothing really resolved. Last week, after battling through their third showdown in two months over petroleum prices, the White House and Congress found themselves still caught in a deadlock that raises serious questions about how far and how fast oil prices will be allowed to rise, how the U.S. will reduce its dependence on foreign oil, if it does so at all, and whether the two branches of Government can ever resolve their differences about how to manage the economy.

Legally Free. The latest round began as President Ford made good on his promise to veto a bill extending for six months the oil price controls that have been in effect since 1973. In response, Senate Democrats, led by presidential hopeful Henry Jackson, provoked a test of strength by scheduling an attempt to override Ford's veto. All 100 Senators showed up to vote, but the Democrats, joined by a few Republican defectors, fell six votes short of the two-thirds necessary to reverse the veto. Result: oil companies are legally free to charge any prices they think the market can stand—as, indeed, they have been since Sept. 1, when the old law expired. However, they dare not do so until they see whether the President and Congress will be able to negotiate a compromise.

Last week's episode dramatically demonstrated the political standoff that has left the U.S. without any coherent

energy policy. Lacking the votes to get his own programs passed, Ford can only attempt to bludgeon the Democrats into considering them by vetoing their party's legislation—not only on energy but also on other matters. The Democrats, despite their huge majorities, usually cannot muster the strength to override (an exception: both houses last week voted to enact a \$7.9 billion aid-to-education bill, overcoming a presidential no). "This has become a Government by veto," lamented Rhode Island Democrat John O. Pastore after the Senate's oil vote. "We've got the minority dragging the majority around by the nose."

Not quite. The situation might more properly be termed non-Government by veto. Ford has still not won over many Democrats to his approach of letting prices of U.S.-produced oil rise gradually as a means of stimulating exploration and production and forcing consumers and industry to burn less petroleum. The President's latest plan—to lift the controls over a period of 39 months, with the major impact coming after the November 1976 elections—was voted down in July. Many Democrats have deep ideological objections to price rises that fatten oil-company profits. At the same time, the Democrats have no agreed strategy for forcing energy conservation and curtailing imports. Alternative ideas—rationing, import quotas, stiff taxes on energy usage—cannot survive even a congressional vote, let alone a veto.

Thus the two sides must start almost from scratch to work out some sort of policy. While vetoing the six-month extension of controls, Ford last week renewed his pledge to sign a 45-day extension, provided that within this period

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the Democrats would agree to negotiate a compromise bill, which presumably would include gradual decontrol. The House quickly passed an extension to Oct. 31, but some Democratic Senators began arguing that they really needed 60 days after the enactment of an extension—as if an extra few days would make much difference.

If a quick bipartisan accord cannot be reached, the oil companies may conclude that they will remain free of controls. Then the price of the two-thirds of U.S.-produced oil, which has been held at \$5.25 per bbl., could begin to shoot up toward the \$12.50 per bbl. now generally charged for uncontrolled "new" oil, which accounts for one-third of domestic output. As might be expected, the Republican Administration and congressional Democrats disagree about the inflationary impact of such an abrupt decontrol. The Congressional Budget Office last week darkly predicted that during the next 27 months sudden decontrol would by itself push consumer prices up 1.8% and, by draining away consumer purchasing power, make the unemployment rate 0.6% higher than it would otherwise be. The Federal Energy Administration insists that the effects would be far more modest. Whatever the actual figures, no one wants to risk the inflationary impact of instant decontrol. Even Ford recognizes the political danger of a sudden decontrol that might send the price of gasoline up 7¢ per gal. by early next year. Nonetheless, sudden decontrol will happen unless the White House and Congress can reach, in the next 45 or 60 days, the accommodation that has eluded them for more than eight months.

TRADE

Avoiding a Grain Drain

For the past three years, Washington's policy toward U.S. grain sales to the Soviet Union has been flawed in one important way. The only real policy has been to let the Soviet government play the free U.S. market by negotiating with private grain exporters: the Soviets had no obligation to say how much they wanted to buy, and Washington, though informed of the deals, might or might not choose to impose any limits. Soviet demands have bounded erratically from as little as 1.8 million metric tons last year to 10.2 million tons so far this year. The Soviets would like to buy still another 11 million metric tons because of poor harvests in Russian wheatfields. The resulting shock waves have been felt throughout the U.S. economy and have contributed materially and psychologically to inflation in the supermarket.

Last week in efforts to smooth out the roller coaster and placate critics, President Ford moved to regulate future U.S.-Russian grain deals. He dispatched a high-level negotiating team to Mos-

The Sierra Club and forest industry agree on one thing: Wilderness.

So what's the issue?

There seems to be a misunderstanding about Wilderness.

The first misunderstanding is that the forest industry is against it. Not so. This country needs Wilderness.

The second misunderstanding is what most people think Wilderness is.

Surveys show that most people think Wilderness is just a fancy word for a forest—a nice place for a picnic.

Not necessarily.

The law says, in part, that a federal Wilderness area is a place "where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man."

No public roads. No cars, trains, trucks, or buses. No power. No plumbing. No buildings.

And not very many people. Only a small number of the people in the U.S. have ever been to a Wilderness.

And that's as it should be.

The value of Wilderness is that it exists in a pristine state. Wild. Remote. And uncrowded.

The fact is, today there are 12.9 million acres in the National Wilderness Preservation System. About the same size as the three-state area of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey.



The realities are that the remaining forestland must work harder than ever to meet the demand for wood.

The forest industry has already shown that, primarily through intensive management, it can produce twice as much wood per acre as public lands. Who says? The U.S. Forest Service.

We believe the answer is to leave the present Wilderness alone. And make the most of the remaining commercial forest* through intensive management.

That means developing superior tree strains, thinning, fertilizing,

and harvesting like any good farmer.

It also means making sure the same forest is providing recreation, wildlife habitat, scenic beauty and watershed protection as well as working double time for timber harvest.

Because we do need the wood.

The U.S. Forest Service has said this country is going to double its demand for wood in the next 25 years.

Yes, we can make it.

If we all recognize that we can't turn all of our commercial forestland into Wilderness.

If you'd like to find out more about America's renewable resource, write: American Forest Institute, Dept. T-12, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.



Trees. The renewable resource.

*Commercial forest is described as that portion of the total forest which is capable and available for growing trees for harvest. Parks, Wilderness and Primitive Areas are not included. Government, state and federal, own 28%. The forest products industry is a distant third in ownership with 13%.

THE THIRD CIGARETTE

A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO THE SMOKING DILEMMA.

If you're like most smokers, you smoke for taste. But after awhile, most good tasting cigarettes can taste pretty harsh.

So you try a low 'tar' and nicotine brand, which neatly solves the rough taste problem by giving you no taste at all.

So what's the alternative? Lark. The Third Cigarette. It's the best of both worlds.

Lark starts by giving you as much taste, as much real smoking satisfaction as any other brand.

But then, our unique filtration system takes that full rich taste and smoothes out any rough tasting edges... from your first one in the morning to your last one at night.

Tomorrow morning, try a pack of Lark for yourself.

And by tomorrow night, you'll be a Lark smoker too.

**Full rich flavor
that never tastes rough.**



Low "tar" Brand

"Flavor" Brand

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, Extra Long:
18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

cow to try to work out stable, long-term grain purchase agreements; the group is headed by Charles Robinson. Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs To allow time for the negotiations, Ford also extended for a month, until Oct 15, the moratorium imposed last month on additional grain sales by Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz.

Minimum Level. The moves are largely political and are aimed most immediately at mollifying big labor. AFL-CIO President George Meany had denounced the grain purchases as part of maintaining a "phony" détente with the Russians. Responding to Ford's announcement, longshoremen called off their boycott of Russian-bound wheat; they had refused to load it, then complied with injunctions ordering them back to work. Ford also gave assurance that negotiations over shipping rates paid by the Russians would go on, to ensure that at least one-third of the grain would be carried in U.S. vessels—a key concern of the longshoremen. The President's actions also allow shipment of the grain that the Soviets have already contracted for, appeasing farmers and grain dealers who anticipate large profits from the exports.

What precise form a long-term agreement will take is uncertain. Most likely it would be similar to the one concluded a few weeks ago with Japan, under which that country committed itself to a certain minimum level of grain purchases—11 million tons annually—over a three-year period. If the Japanese do not need the grain, they will put it into storage to assist in rebuilding seriously depleted world reserves.

If a U.S.-Soviet grain agreement does follow that pattern, its effect in holding down price increases would at best be long-run and indirect. Assurance of a continuing Soviet market might encourage U.S. farmers to plant more crops. Also, building up of a Soviet grain reserve might discourage sudden and in-

flationary purchases when Russian crops fail. But nothing in the Japanese agreement prohibits additional purchases beyond the agreed minimum, and it is likely that a Soviet agreement would not do so either. Whatever the terms of a U.S.-Soviet arrangement, they are expected to be worked out quickly, talks among lower-level officials have been going on in Moscow for a month.

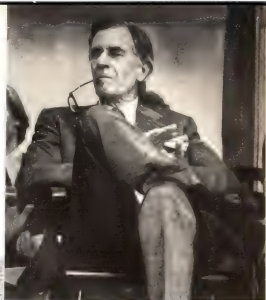
In any case, the Administration will probably allow the Russians to buy at least an additional 5 million tons of grain this year. That likelihood increased last week when the Department of Agriculture forecast record U.S. harvests of 240 million metric tons for all grains—wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye. That would be 2% less than was forecast in August, but 42 million tons above last year's crop. So, the U.S. should be able to feed itself and export heavily, too—though at how great a cost in added inflation is still unclear.

THEORY

High Noon for Galbraith

According to conventional economic theory, when unemployment is high and factories are running at less than full tilt, prices are not supposed to shoot upward. Increasingly, however, they have—as indeed they are doing now. That anomaly poses a formidable challenge to economists, and it is the paradox to which John Kenneth Galbraith addresses himself in his latest book:

Money, Whence It Came, Where It Went (Houghton Mifflin, \$10). His conclusion: "Corporate and union power" is the heavy; it "can defeat efforts to combine high employment with stable prices" regardless of the state of business, and can be curbed only by wage-price controls enacted and enforced not as a temporary expedient but as a permanent feature of the economy.



AUTHOR JOHN K. GALBRAITH AT HARVARD History and a demand for controls.

That is a theme Galbraith has argued many times before. Nonetheless, any new book by the retired Harvard professor and onetime (1961-63) Ambassador to India is an event—even if he is a compulsive overstatement of his positions. Connoisseurs of civilized wit and stylish prose will be particularly pleased with this work. In recent books—notably *Economics and the Public Purpose*, published in 1973, which argued for a "new socialism"—Galbraith has seemed tediously preachy. In *Money* he has recovered the gently acerbic touch that he displayed as a reformist capitalist, and that made popular such books as *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State*. Sample putdown: "Those who talk of money and teach about it and make their living by it gain prestige, esteem and pecuniary return, as does a doctor or a witch doctor, from cultivating the belief that they are in privileged association with the occult. . . . Though professionally rewarding and personally profitable, this too is a well-established form of fraud."

Fool's Choice. Galbraith sugarcoats his familiar plea for controls with an engaging and eminently readable economic history that speeds through no fewer than 27 centuries in 300 pages. From 700 B.C. to A.D. 1975, says Galbraith, national leaders have wrestled ineptly with the problems of economic management—in recent years by trying to make "a fool's choice" between inflation and high employment. No such choice is necessary, says Galbraith, with an obvious eye on the 1976 U.S. elections: Government could stimulate the economy as much as might be necessary, without causing inflation, if only the public knew enough about the wonders that wage-price controls can perform to elect an Administration that would dare to impose them.

Alternative remedies to the problem of inflation in an underemployed economy

HARVESTING OF KANSAS WHEAT—PART OF WHAT PROMISES TO BE A BUMPER CROP



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

omy are brushed aside with a few strokes of the pen. Keynesian faith in fiscal (tax-and-spending) policy to end recessions and damp down inflations is questioned in a chapter titled "The New Economics at High Noon." Galbraith argues that the reluctance of governments to raise taxes or cut spending during booms proves "the fatal inelasticity of the Keynesian system." Monetary policy is dismissed as "a perverse and unpredictable lever" and Economist Milton Friedman's carefully documented thesis that rapid expansion of a nation's money supply contributes to inflation is rejected as "breathtakingly simple."

Serious Problem. Those words might, with Galbraithian irony, be applied to the author's own belief in wage-price controls as a panacea. Corporate and union power is indeed a serious problem for any government trying to restrain inflation, and there are times when wage-price restraint must be enforced. But Galbraith-style permanent controls tend in the long run to suffocate economic life by distorting market forces, discouraging business investment and initiative, and creating shortages. They also breed worker resentment over lost wage boosts that translates into more social and political unrest than a popularly elected government can afford. On the one hand, Galbraith indicts government for unflinching economic mismanagement; on the other hand, he trusts government to save the day with wage-price controls. He thus seems to fall into an inconsistency he might relish in an opponent.

HOUSE TAKEN OVER BY HUD IN CHICAGO



SCANDALS

Haunted Housing

A THEFT FROM YOUR GOVERNMENT IS A THEFT FROM YOU. So read the stern red-and-white warning signs put up by federal officials on thousands of abandoned homes across the U.S. The signs are meant to discourage vandals, but in fact the houses themselves have all too frequently been used and discarded in a loan-fraud scheme that costs the Federal Housing Administration—and U.S. taxpayers—dearly. Last week the Department of Housing and Urban Development, which oversees FHA operations, estimated that since 1968 the Government has lost \$1.4 billion on the foreclosure and resale of homes originally bought with FHA-backed loans.

When the FHA was created in the depths of the Depression in 1934, its mission was to stimulate the moribund residential-construction industry by guaranteeing Government repayment of loans made to home buyers. For the next three decades, the agency pursued a conservative policy of backing mortgages almost exclusively in low-risk, middle- and a few high-income neighborhoods. But during the late 1960s, after fiery rioting erupted in the ghettos of many U.S. cities, FHA's policy changed. The Housing and Urban Development Act, passed by Congress in 1968, authorized the agency to help poorly housed low-income families by insuring and in some cases subsidizing their mortgages and rents. The result was a sharp increase in

FHA loan activity that did help the urban poor but also attracted the attention of unscrupulous real estate brokers, building contractors and mortgage bankers.

Over the past four years, major scandals involving FHA loans have been uncovered in 20 cities across the U.S. The latest is Chicago, where the *Tribune* recently turned up dozens of cases of mortgage shenanigans that have cost the Government millions of dollars. Often, real estate dealers would lure a low-income family into buying a ghetto house, perhaps by putting up part of the down pay-

ment. The company would then secure FHA insurance for the mortgage on the house, typically based on an unrealistically high appraisal that inattentive FHA officials did not question. After the financially strapped tenant let the house fall apart and moved out, the mortgage company would foreclose. It would then collect a fat check from the agency in repayment of the defaulted loan, leaving the FHA stuck with a house that could be resold only at a heavy loss.

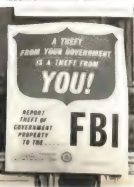
Task Force. In the Chicago area, where the number of Government-repossessed houses has risen from a few hundred in the late '60s to 3,300 at present, foreclosures occur seven times more frequently on FHA-insured mortgages than on conventional mortgages. Upset by the *Tribune's* revelations, Mayor Richard Daley persuaded the FHA to cancel an auction of 700 foreclosed houses scheduled for last month while a federal-city task force inspects them to determine their fitness for habitation. The local U.S. Attorney is investigating allegations against six mortgage lenders for mortgage-insurance fraud.

FHA officials usually blame greedy brokers and lenders for the program's problems. Says John Waner, the agency's Chicago area director: "They saw the big demand for housing in the inner city, and they moved right in to exploit these helpless, low-income families." But Carla Hills, President Ford's new Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, has begun to tighten up the FHA's own loose procedures. She has directed audits of loan-guarantee programs in Chicago and four other cities and ordered FHA offices to check more thoroughly all credit applications and foreclosed properties.

Last week the FHA published new regulations designed to prevent lenders from foreclosing quickly on home buyers. Among other things, the new rules encourage "forbearance agreements" (temporary moratoriums on mortgage payments for home buyers who run into trouble), provide for partial payment of installments on mortgage loans, forbid lenders to foreclose merely because a home buyer has not paid late charges on his monthly payments, and require lenders to confront home buyers face to face when they do foreclose.

Homeowners are not always victims in rip-offs of the FHA. Last week the General Accounting Office estimated that in 1974 alone, home buyers shook an illicit \$25 million out of a subsidy program under which the FHA helps low- and middle-income people whose mortgage payments come to more than 20% of their adjusted gross incomes by paying the excess over 20%. Of 400,000 participants, the GAO estimates 110,000 obtained illegal overpayments by understating their incomes. Some got away with it because bankers failed to ascertain true figures, others because the FHA did not check tax returns.

FEDERAL WARNING SIGN



**"People say that oil companies
are makin' too much money.
I don't hardly see how they're breakin' even."**

Carl Nordman, Skelly Field Plant Operator,
Wink, Texas.

"I'm a water-flood
operator out here, and
you'd be surprised at what
it costs for just these little

ol' high-pressure valves
and things — \$300 for a two-
inch valve.

"I can remember, back in

Oklahoma in '44, they used
to pull them 400 and 800
foot wells with horses, or
mules. Rig up a pulley and
a bucket. Then that horse
would walk out there, stop,
back up and start over
again. Just a bucket, up and
down, in a well.

"Now, of course, we're
goin' down to 15,000 and
20,000 feet. You need more
wells, more roustabouts,
more everything. Because
there's less oil, and it's
harder to get it out.

"When I came over to this
lease 15 years ago, we were
makin' 3,000 barrels of oil
a day. Since then, we've
drilled 40 some odd wells
and we're only runnin'
about 800 barrels a day.

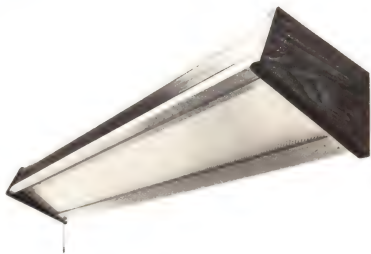
"Less oil, more expense.
That's all there is to it.

"I find if you can sit down
and talk to people a little
while, they begin to under-
stand. They know you're in
the field every day and you
know what's goin' on."

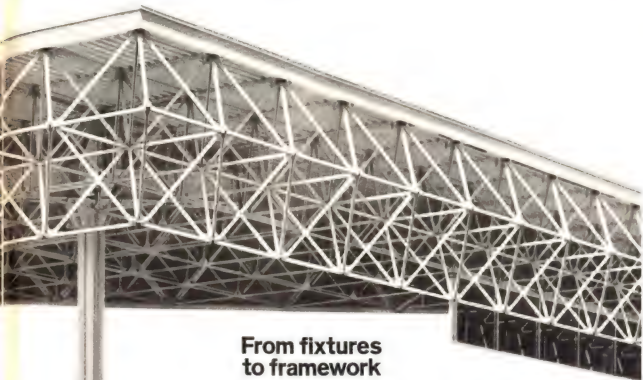


Skelly Oil Company
Tulsa, Oklahoma

At Skelly, our people speak for themselves.



OUR CONSTRUCTIVE



From fixtures to framework

At GTE, we have many sides.

To 23 million people, we're the phone company (our talkative side).

To millions more, we have a side called GTE Sylvania. And that in itself is a many-sided thing.

We're Sylvania TV and stereo (our fun side). And light bulbs, flashbulbs and flashcubes (our light side).

This is about our constructive side:

We're Sylvania Building Systems. Such as Unistrut metal space-frames that work roofing miracles with great ease. And conquer inner space with great efficiency.

We're also Sylvania lighting fixtures. We help turn night into day for buildings and stadiums and airports and homes, and just about anything else.

When it comes to building, we're very constructive.

SYLVANIA BUILDING SYSTEMS

SIDE GTE

GTE Sylvania Building Systems is a registered trademark of GTE Sylvania Building Systems, Inc.

WILLIAM SHATNER IN *BARBARY COAST*

Viewpoints: The New Season, Part II

Theorem No. 1: Any dramatic series the producers want us to take seriously as a representation of contemporary reality cannot be taken seriously as a representation of anything—except a show to be ignored by anyone capable of sitting upright in a chair and chewing gum simultaneously.

Proofs of theorem: **MOBILE ONE** (ABC, Friday, 8 p.m. E.D.T.). Tedious re-

search has established this as the worst new program on the tube. Viewers are asked to believe that a glum Jackie Cooper, who can scarcely work up the energy to articulate his lines, is an aggressive TV newsmen. In the first hour he 1) rescued a child trapped on a cliff, 2) salvaged a broken-down silent-screen star, 3) rehabilitated a suicidal paraplegic ex-rodeo performer, 4) went to jail in defense of the newsmen's right to protect his sources and 5) persuaded one of them to come forward and give evidence at a murder trial while 6) rescuing her from incipient alcoholism. As no more than a few seconds of screen time are devoted to the sermonettes which accomplish these miracles, one must believe that the people whose lives he touches are all hermits who have never seen any of the TV shows or movies from which the incidents have been borrowed. Or that Cooper has paranormal powers of persuasion applied when the camera is not running. The latter is the more likely explanation. *Mobile One* is not of this world.

JOE FORRESTER (NBC, Tuesday, 10 p.m. E.D.T.) is a *Police Story* spin-off, starring shrewd but compassionate Lloyd Bridges as a detective walking a beat in uniform, trying to clean up his old neighborhood. He appears to like everyone he meets, never steals apples from the fruit stand and is respected by the locals. Even when he is responsible for the death of both sons of a woman he has known for decades, her admiration for him remains unsullied. He is, in short, the peace officer who passeth all understanding. So does his show.

DOCTORS' HOSPITAL (NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m. E.D.T.) has George Peppard as Ben Casey redivivus—another resident neurosurgeon who sprinkles ground-up interns on his crunchy granola for breakfast, gnaws on the leg of a hospital administrator at lunch and

fries incompetent colleagues for dinner. Hospital-show scripts are as predictable as hospital menus—and bear precisely the same relationship to real drama as institutional food does to *haute cuisine*.

KATE McSHANE (CBS, Wednesday, 10 p.m. E.D.T.) is Comedienne Anne Mearns dressed up as a lady lawyer, defending difficult cases and causes—just like a dozen male actors who previously impersonated a right-minded mouthpiece. The premiere proved its maturity by showing us that '60s Weatherman types were really just hyperkinetic kids, capable of reform. Since everyone talked verree slowly in order to stretch the material to hour length, there was time to hint at a difference (known as psychopathy) between voting Socialist Labor and dynamiting buildings.

These programs being typical of "adult" programming, what is one to do? After all, even the intellectually inclined feel occasional craving for mental popcorn in the privacy of the living room. For those who find themselves in this situation, there is a fallback position.

Theorem No. 2: The only programs a grownup can possibly stand are those intended for children. Or, more properly, those that cater to those pre-adolescent fantasies that most have never truly abandoned. *The Six Million Dollar Man* is a well-established example of this innocent merriment. While the children get off on their superman fantasies Mom and Pop may mull the sexual problems and possibilities inherent in a creature who is half man, half Timex.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (NBC, Monday, 8 p.m. E.D.T.) offers similar pleasures. Kids have long thought invisibility would be a gas, and it has always been fun to see a hat floating through the frame, a voice issuing from under it, but with no figure visible beneath the Stetson. David McCallum plays the I.M. in his present incarnation, and he has an attractive wife which must inevitably create all sorts of bemused speculations among adult viewers. The befuddlement he causes miscreants is also amusing to behold. H.G. Wells himself might even enjoy the thing.

BARBARY COAST (ABC, Monday, 8 p.m. E.D.T.) features a less ambitious crime fighter. Instead of disappearing entirely, William Shatner vanishes into several disguises per show in order to sanitize the notorious district of the title. Doug McClure plays a gambling-house owner, amusingly exasperated by his friend's slippery ways. The show is exuberantly staged and every present or former owner of a mail-order foot-your-friends makeup kit ought to enjoy it.

SWITCH (CBS, Tuesday, 9 p.m. E.D.T.) has Robert Wagner as a sometime con man and Eddie Albert as a onetime cop linked up as private eyes specializing in bunko cases. The former is smooth, the

MILNER & WIFE IN *SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON*WAGNER & ALBERT IN *SWITCH*PEPPARD & NURSE IN *DOCTORS' HOSPITAL*

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TELEVISION

latter crabby, and a four-year-old child could see through their schemes. Happily, they are all in bed by this hour, and older siblings and parents will be delightfully taken in. It would be an act of mercy to send the bunkbusters over to Doctors' Hospital or Kate McShane's office to expose their shabby fraudulence.

THREE FOR THE ROAD (CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m. E.D.T.) features a couple of kids whose roving photographer father (Alec Rocco) allows them to tag along. Schools and other forms of tedium are, of course, as imperceptible as *The Invisible Man*. The first episode got them involved with hang gliders, which, unlike most drama-show subjects, are actually photogenic. It also offered some information on how those exotic contraptions work. The data were more interesting than any of the overexposed cop-lawyer-doctor procedures observable this season.

The only kid show to avoid entirely is **SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON** (ABC, Sunday, 7 p.m. E.D.T.). The grand old dream of escape from civilization to an island Eden has been thoroughly polluted, not least by the fact that this family comes not from Switzerland but from suburbia. They seem to have plenty of food and water out there on their atoll, but they are going to bore themselves to death in a month or so—and the viewer with them.

Richard Schickel

slaughtered at a Michigan garbage dump by tourists with rifles. A gang of rednecks with the latest electronic gear treed a bear, then watched hounds rip it apart. Explained the pack's leader: "We feel that they deserve a chew." A port stewardess plunked down \$500 to "harvest" her first buffalo; then she pointed to the hoofs: "Jim, did I want those for footstools?" In the program's grossest scene, a languorous fallow deer was shot seven times at pointblank range; then a burly rifleman grasped the antlers for his mandatory macho snapshot.

False Rumors. To their subsequent regret, many gun groups and hunters helped Drasin research the film when he started work last winter. As shooting progressed, however, they realized they were not Drasin's subjects but his quarry. In early July, *TV Guide* reported that the program would describe hunting "50% from the animals' point of view," setting off a shiver of apprehension in N.R.A.'s Washington headquarters. A letter-writing campaign to CBS began. Harry L. Tension, vice president of the Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of Fort Worth, warned, "If we are paying out a lot of money for advertising on a network that does not go along with our type of thinking, then perhaps we here, in this area, can change networks." Others were convinced that the program

would jeopardize their right to own handguns. Advertisers were made nervous by false rumors; one canceled because it heard Exxon was pulling its ads.

Several days before the program was aired, the N.R.A. infiltrated an affiliates' screening and jotted down the names of the advertisers present. By air time, all but one of the scheduled companies had withdrawn their commercials. The standout was Block Drug (two 30-second spots). CBS went ahead with the program anyway, filling the station breaks with promotions of its own.

The N.R.A. remains complacent. Its membership, the association claims, is growing as a result of the publicity. "Hunters are not the slobs and killers that the show made us out to be," maintains an organization official. "*Guns of Autumn* didn't show people going out and really enjoying the companionship of others, the wonders of being outdoors or how the hunter has restored the wildlife habitat."

Unmoved, the network plans a sequel next week. *Echoes of the Guns of Autumn*, about the controversy. Says Bill Leonard, CBS senior vice president, "Nothing would so guarantee that a broadcast would get on the air than that kind of pressure."



FALLOW DEER SHOT AT POINTBLANK RANGE

Gunfight

Last week CBS and the Block Drug Co. combined to make the unluckiest gunfighters since Batman and Robin. Together they had stood off the 1 million-strong National Rifle Association and its allies, the firearms manufacturers and game-preserve associations. That is more than Congress has been able to accomplish.

CBS's combat with the N.R.A. was occasioned by *The Guns of Autumn*, a documentary that purported to describe hunting in America. In 90 minutes, Director-Writer Irv Drasin, a journalist for 15 years but not a hunter, compiled carnage upon atrocity. Black bears were

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A New Legal-Ease

Applicants for a personal loan from New York's First National City Bank have something of a shock in store: the new standard loan contract is written in language they can easily understand. The simple one-page document—one-third as long as its predecessor—spells out the bank's and borrower's obligations in relaxed *you and I* terms with nary a *hereinafter* to get in the way. And Citibank is not alone (see box). Anxious to stimulate business, banks and insurance companies alike are hastening to switch from the old long-winded fine print to the new legal-ease.

Next month First National Bank of Boston is putting the vernacular into its consumer credit transactions, from student loans to Master Charge agreements. Later this month, Nationwide Mutual Insurance Co. will offer a plain-talk automobile policy throughout the U.S. similar to one introduced recently by Sentry Life Insurance.

Both Nationwide and Sentry first offered the policies in Pennsylvania, where early this year a regulation went into effect, requiring that auto-insurance policies must rate at least 40 on the Flesch Readability Scale. That scale, which ranges from 0 to 100 for the maximum possible brevity and simplicity, was devised in 1943 by Language Expert Rudolf Flesch (*The Art of Readable Writing*). But not until "we entered the age of consumerism," says Flesch, did business realize that "to have documents written by lawyers isn't good enough.



DISSIDENT WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINERS RALLY & MARCH IN SUPPORT OF STATEWIDE STRIKE

because the consumer isn't satisfied."

Now Texas is considering a plain-language requirement for health and accident policies. The new federal Pension Reform Act insists that company booklets be written "in a manner calculated to be understood by the average participant." And the new federal Warranty Law states that product warranties have to be "simple and readily understood." Linguist Flesch cautions that most of the rewrites do not yet rate a 60 on his scale—the level, he says, of the New York *Daily News* or *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. But he is hereinafter understood that whereas the aforementioned and previously established methodology of contract composition has been adjudged dull and devoid of intelligibility, companies that fail to adjust do so at their own risk.

Warning to Wildcatters

The wildcat strike, a revolt against badly bolted grievance procedures, spread swiftly. Within 16 days almost all 50,000 soft-coal miners in West Virginia walked off the job. The mine owners went to court, and Federal Judge Kenneth K. Hall slapped the United Mine Workers with a gigantic \$500,000 fine, plus \$100,000 a day for as long as the strike lasted. Last week, seven working days and \$1.2 million later, most of the wildcatters went back to work.

In recent years, no-strike clauses that ban walkouts have been written into most labor contracts, including those covering the West Virginia mines. Trouble is, when some workers strike without authorization, union officials often shrug (some critics say wink) and claim

The Fine Print Translated

From the old and new personal-loan notes of the First National City Bank.

In the event of default in the payment of this or any other Obligation or the performance or observance of any term or covenant contained herein or in any note or other contract or agreement evidencing or relating to any Obligation or any Collateral on the Borrower's part to be performed or observed, or the undersigned Borrower shall die, or any of the undersigned become insolvent or make an assignment for the benefit of creditors, or a petition shall be filed by or against any of the undersigned under any provision of the Bankruptcy Act, or any money, securities or property of the undersigned now or hereafter on deposit with or in the possession or under the control of the Bank shall be attached or become subject to distraint proceedings or any order or process of a court:

1. If he is in default;
2. If I don't pay an installment on time; or
3. If any other creditor tries by legal process to take any money of mine in your possession.

From the old and new Sentry auto-insurance policies.

If the company revises this policy form with respect to policy provisions, endorsements or rules by which the insurance hereunder could be extended or broadened without additional premium charge, such insurance as is afforded hereunder shall be so extended or broadened effective immediately upon approval or acceptance of such revision during the policy period by the appropriate insurance supervisory authority.

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From the old and new Master Charge agreements of the First National Bank of Boston.

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You must pay us a monthly minimum payment. This monthly minimum payment will be 1% of the balance plus, of course, any amounts which are past due, but at least \$10. If the balance is less than \$10, the minimum payment will be the entire balance. The balance will include the outstanding amount that you have borrowed plus a finance charge.

WILLIAM

they are not responsible. Judge Hall did not buy that approach. Rapping the U M W for its "feeble" efforts to halt the walkout, Hall made the fine heavy to force quick action. U M W President Arnold Miller and other union leaders responded by working feverishly to get the miners back on the job.

They had good reason. Only six weeks ago the Third Circuit Court of Appeals handed down an important precedent in the case of two Teamsters locals in Warren, Ohio, and Pittsburgh. The truckers had walked out in a bloody, five-week wildcat strike against Eazor Express Inc. over the dismissal of two employees. Eazor sued the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and the locals, all of which had signed a no-strike agreement, and three judges of the Third Circuit unanimously held them all liable, even though they were not involved in starting the strike. The court's message was clear: when a contract contains a no-strike clause, a union must take every measure reasonably possible to pressure strikers back to work.

For their part, U M W lawyers will now appeal the union's fine, which Hall reduced to \$700,000 after the strike's end. Whatever the final outcome, Judge Hall's success in taming the wildcaters should help to cool the ardor of restive workers whose union contract happens to contain a no-strike clause.

Calley Loses

With a scathing denunciation of "massive adverse pretrial publicity," Federal Judge J. Robert Elliott last September threw out Army Lieut. William Calley's conviction for his part in the 1968 My Lai massacre. Last week 13 judges of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals unanimously rejected Elliott's conclusion about news coverage. Otherwise, wrote Judge Robert A. Ainsworth Jr., "the inevitable results would be that truly heinous or notorious acts would go unpunished." Besides, he added, the members of the Calley court-martial panel were scrupulously examined for their ability to be fair and open-minded. Five appeals judges believed Calley was unconstitutionally denied access to the findings of a congressional My Lai investigation, but an eight-man majority felt that his defense was not really hurt and reinstated his conviction. The case, with its important publicity v. fair-trial question, will now be appealed to the Supreme Court, but for Calley himself, working as a construction worker in Columbus, Ga., the outcome will have no practical significance. After serving 39 months of a ten-year sentence (reduced from life), he was released last November after the Elliott ruling; but even if his conviction is finally upheld, the Army has already okayed his parole.



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CHURCHILL IN BOER WAR



HEMINGWAY WITH R.A.F. PILOT



PYLE IN FRANCE

BOOKS



HALBERSTAM IN VIET NAM

Blazing Pencils

THE FIRST CASUALTY. From the Crimea to Vietnam: The War Correspondent as Hero, Propagandist, and Myth Maker by PHILIP KNIGHTLEY 465 pages, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$12.95.

It is hard to believe that before Philip Knightley took time out from his journalistic duties for London's *Sunday Times* to write his history of war correspondents, the subject had lain underfoot like an undiscovered gold mine. The events are momentous. As for the correspondents, they are an irresistible assortment of idealists, artists, chads, hustlers, violence junkies and necrophiles.

Knightley's lightly armed narrative charges from the Crimean War, where the modern techniques of reporting and censorship began, to Viet Nam, where

television brought packaged blood and flame into the home and censorship was abandoned in favor of a massive public relations campaign to sell the war. Famous locations and faces flash by in Knightley's 120-year extravaganza, but some things never change. In the correspondents' rush to be first with the news, the truth is usually distorted and sometimes sacrificed. Sooner or later, a government official gets around to asking a zealous reporter, "Whose side are you on?" The journalist must then try to formulate a convincing answer out of his sense of professional responsibility, fear of losing his job, private prejudices, and not always flattering motives for chasing war news in the first place.

Richard Harding Davis' pressure-cooked dispatches from Cuba, for example, were clearly calculated to inflame U.S. opinion and trigger the Spanish-American War that Davis' boss, William Randolph Hearst, wanted. During the Boer War, the 25-year-old correspondent of London's *Morning Post*, Winston Churchill, carried a Mauser pistol and played soldier. Twelve years later, as First Lord of the Admiralty, he was part of Britain's censorship and propaganda machine.

Passions ran so high in the Spanish Civil War that many American correspondents joined the International Brigade. The New York *Times*'s Herbert Matthews defended his open partisanship on the ground that it would have been hypocritical to claim objectivity when he was certain that he was right. George Orwell was just as committed to Republican Spain. But he was able to see that the Stalinist left was as anxious to eliminate Spain's independent left as it was to defeat Franco.

Some journalists at the time were not so open about their affiliations. Reporter Kim Philby was a Communist agent who defected to the Soviet Union in 1963. Arthur Koestler also took instruction from Moscow and falsified atrocities. North American Newspaper Alliance's Ernest Hemingway, by all accounts a mediocre correspondent, proved to be a dangerous nuisance as

well. On at least one visit to the front he insisted on firing a machine gun toward the Franco lines. The result, reported one witness, was "a mortar bombardment for which he did not stay."

Hemingway used the war to soak up material for his novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Earlier in Abyssinia, Evelyn Waugh witnessed Mussolini's campaign against Haile Selassie's antiquated army. Waugh too was no shakes as a journalist—filing his copy in Latin did not ingratiate him with his editors—but he returned from Africa to disguise his experiences in *Scoop*, still the best satire on journalism ever written.

Boom-Boom. War photographers appear to be a breed apart—which is probably a good thing. "I used to be a war-a-year man," says the London *Sunday Times*'s Donald McCullin, "but now that's not enough. I need two a year." Associated Press Photographer Horst Faas, who plastered his office in Saigon with atrocity pictures the way some men hang pinups, admitted to a colleague, "Vot I like ee: boom-boom. Oh, yes." To New York *Herald Tribune* Reporter Marguerite Higgins, covering earlier conflicts, combat was more overtly sexual. She would not marry, she told friends, "until I find a man who's as exciting as war."

The camera seems to do strange things to the picture taker, viewer and subject alike. The A.P.'s Peter Arnett recalls watching a Buddhist monk in Viet Nam douse himself with gasoline and set himself on fire. "I could have prevented that immolation," says Arnett. "As a human being, I wanted to; as a reporter, I couldn't." Undoubtedly the issue was further complicated because the monk wanted pictures of his suicide circulated round the world.

It has become commonplace to say that the Viet Nam War was the most thoroughly covered in history. The cost in correspondents remains shocking: 45 killed, 18 missing. Author Knightley has high praise for those professionals who not only had to unravel the official lies and distortions but also had to fight Stateside editors who trusted Wash-

ington's optimistic version of events

But Knightley is hard to please. After conceding that correspondents like Charles Mohr, Malcolm Browne and David Halberstam were "courageous and skilled," he criticizes them for only questioning the effectiveness of the war and not American intervention itself.

Moreover, the smooth Fleet Street professional is not without his own inadequacies. His preferences are understandable. The flamboyant correspondents make livelier copy than Knightley's accounts of Edward R. Murrow, A.J. Liebling, Alan Moorehead and Ernie Pyle—men who muffled the "boom-boom" in favor of the human voice. But as every journalist learns, readability has its casualties too.

After some hairsplitting qualifications, he anoints as the first modern war correspondent William Howard Russell, who wrote the account of the charge of the Light Brigade—and later performed brilliantly during the U.S. Civil War. Had he been educated by the Russian side, Knightley might have recalled that a young second lieutenant brought the horrors of the Crimean War home to Moscow with his articles from Sevastopol. They miraculously passed through the censors untouched, and bore the by-line Leo Tolstoy. **R.Z. Sheppard**

Some Like It Hot

THE FINAL FIRE

by DENNIS SMITH

239 pages, Saturday Review Press, \$7.95.

Pyromania is the irresistible urge to set fires. There is no comparable term for the irresistible urge to extinguish them. Whatever that mania is called, New York City Fireman Dennis Smith, 35, has it in its most extreme form. In Smith's view, where there is fire there is always smoke—and it is his sworn

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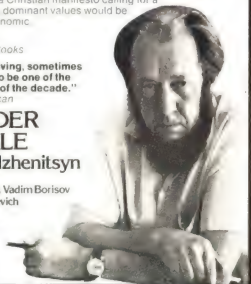
FROM UNDER THE RUBBLE

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

and Mikhail Agursky
A.B., Evgeny Barabanov, Vadim Borisov
F. Korsakov, Igor Shafarevich

Introduction by Max Hayward
Translated under the direction
of Michael Scammell

Little, Brown
and Company
PUBLISHERS



BOOKS

duty to drown the flames and clear the air. As a zealous fire fighter, he has been taking care of urban conflagrations for twelve years. To dissipate the clouds of rumor and misinformation, he wrote *Report from Engine Co. 82*, a bestselling documentary that described the routine and anguish of men whose job is actuarially the most dangerous in the U.S. As if his occupation were not hazardous enough, Smith has now produced a novel, a trial by fire of a different sort. On the evidence, he earns solid if unspectacular probationary status.

Set in the indeterminate present, *The Final Fire* posits a New York City that is almost as crisis-ridden as the real one. Hoping to embarrass the mayor, his opponent in an upcoming election, the Governor dangles a sinecure before the city fire fighters' union president. The asking price: a smoke eaters' strike. Although his men vote to stay on the job without a contract, their leader calls a work stoppage anyway. A holocaust follows.

Passionate Familiarity. So much for the public domain (a misreported vote actually did spur a 5½-hour walk-out by New York firemen in November 1973). Smith refracts this municipal mischief into the conflict of two fire-fighting brothers, Tom and Jerry Ritter. Tom is an introspective family man who wonders what Spinoza and Kant would say about union politics. Jerry swings through Manhattan's East Side, spouting Dylan Thomas and Yeats. Both vote against the strike, but only one sticks by his conscience—and his hose.

When Smith describes the hellish hook and ladder chores, he writes with passionate familiarity. But his political drama is little more than a series of overdrawn editorial cartoons. The Governor is a gross Manhattan Machiavelli, and the mayor speaks to confidential aides as if he were on *Face the Nation*: "I am sure you need not be reminded of the hard days we shared in the nearly three years of my administration."

Such first-novel flaws slow Smith's pace. But they cannot obscure his paradoxical, poignant message: the man who is constantly asked to rescue his fellows cannot leave his post without breaking a social contract. In the final analysis, as in *The Final Fire*, the fireman can help everyone but himself.

Paul Gray

Do Unto Others

THE UNEXPURGATED CODE: A COMPLETE MANUAL OF SURVIVAL & MANNERS
by J.P. DONLEVY
283 pages, Delacorte, \$10.

If the many readers of *The Ginger Man*, James Patrick Donlevy's first and best novel, can somehow imagine its savagely baleful young anti-hero Sebastian Dangerfield being resurrected a quarter of a century afterward and sitting down to compose an advice book for late 20th century man, they should



MISANTHROPE-NOVELIST DONLEVY
The ultimate four-letter word.

have a rough idea of *The Unexpurgated Code*. It might well be subtitled *I'm Not O.K., You're Not O.K.* A collection of bilious and often funny rules for living, the book qualifies as philosophy according to Donlevy's own definition: thoughts generated while confronting "wind, flood, volcanoes, earthquake, fire and lightning and the people who wouldn't be human if they weren't out to get you."

There is a touch of the 19th century dandy about Donlevy, born 49 years ago in New York City and now living in a large Georgian house on a 180-acre cattle farm in Ireland. There is more than a touch of stately grandiloquence to the Donlevy prose, with its Latinate preferences and its "My-dear-sir!" bursts of lace-cuff-shooting mock elegance. But what the cadenced prose does is to set up the reader for the moment when Donlevy belches out his violent, scurrilous message: life, taken all in all, is obscene—the ultimate four-letter word.

First, Donlevy asks, consider the body. Putrefaction, man's constant companion, is treated under the general heading "Vilenesses Various," including paragraphs on "Bad Breath and Tooth-picks," "Plate and Knife Licking" and "Discarded Hairs and Nails." But the putrefaction of the soul is of course infinitely worse. Holding his nose against the spiritual stench, Donlevy writes maxims on social climbing, marrying for money and the fine art of suing: "If you can spot a lawyer's letter without opening it and can return it marked deceased, this is a trump card. If you cannot suppress your desire to reply, then state, 'Dear Sir, Only for the moment I am saying nothing.'"

Donlevy's total wisdom on the subject "How to Prevent People from Detesting You" comes down to two words:

"Don't try." For with all one's dreadful odors (physical and moral), one certainly is detestable. What, then, is left? Your duty, your honor rest upon keeping even more detestable people from thriving, especially at your expense. Dealt with most specifically, these scoundrels number accountants who steal your money, doctors who remove your healthier organs, the snobs above you who blackball you from their clubs, the "bootless and unhorsed" below you whom you would surely blackball from your club if only you could belong, and almost all relatives.

But between the lines, Donlevy's diatribes manage to say more. In passing fancies he sees visions of grace, chivalry and order. Lords sit in their castles while peasants roam the meadow (with a moat between them). Butlers who know their place well serve perfectly prepared drinks to deserving pukka-sahib colonels. At such tenderly sardonic moments, Donlevy seems to reveal himself as an inverted romantic, profoundly sad beneath his disguise because he and the world are no better than they happen to be.

Is there no hope? Having taken the reader from the cradle, Donlevy looks forward in a mini-essay on "Dying" to what comes after the grave. Alas, more of the same. As he imagines a rude, rude walk through "about twenty millenniums," Donlevy suggests: "This could be, for those of you who were expecting an afterlife of courtesy, equality and contentment, a good time to break down and cry." Or bare your teeth, throw back your head and laugh like the old Ginger Man.

Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Ragtime, Doctorow* (1 last week)
- 2—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, Rassner (2)
- 3—*The Moneychangers*, Hailey (3)
- 4—*The Great Train Robbery*, Crichton (4)
- 5—*Shogun*, Clavel (5)
- 6—*The Eagle Has Landed*, Higgins (6)
- 7—*Circus*, MacLean (8)
- 8—*Centennial*, Michener (7)
- 9—*Cockpit*, Kosinski (10)
- 10—*Humboldt's Gift*, Bellow

NONFICTION

- 1—*Sylvia Porter's Money Book*, Porter (1)
- 2—*Breach of Faith*, White (2)
- 3—*TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress*, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe (3)
- 4—*Total Fitness*, Morehouse & Gross (4)
- 5—*Without Feathers*, Allen (9)
- 6—*How the Good Guys Finally Won*, Breslin (6)
- 7—*CBS: Reflections in a Bloodshot Eye*, Metz (5)
- 8—*Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, Agee (3)
- 9—*Winning Through Intimidation*, Ringer (7)
- 10—*The Ascent of Man*, Branowski (8)

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VIEWING THE MISSION COUNCIL (1971)

Visual Mayhem

Since he began taking pictures 33 years ago, Richard Avedon has been making shock waves with his camera. He was a highly innovative fashion photographer for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*, snapping his models in the midst of wild-eyed elephants or striding in the rain. But it was his still and startlingly somber portraiture of celebrities and friends that established him, along with André Kertész, Irving Penn, Henri Cartier-Bresson, W. Eugene Smith and Ansel Adams, as one of the most important photographers in the world.

His current show at the Marlborough Gallery in Manhattan chronicles much of the Avedon graphic revolution. It is also Avedon's formal move into what was once the private domain of painters—print selling at prices ranging from \$75 to \$1,800 for limited editions.

No Guarantee. The Avedon show is highly personal and varied. It includes a 1949 portrait only 8 in. square of a smiling, unshaven, squinting Frank Lloyd Wright, a gigantic group portrait of the Chicago Seven, and a photo of a heavily made-up transvestite with a ballerina's tutu and a hairy chest.

The show does mayhem to the visual sense. The viewer is clobbered by an eye-level row of genitals, part of an 8-ft. by 30-ft. nude portrait of Andy Warhol and members of The Factory. Only a few steps away hangs a portrait of President Eisenhower, a crumpled, empty man. It is an assault on the image of Eisenhower that we carry in our minds—the formal Karsh portrait, the White House handout, and the hundreds of others.

No one who appears before the Avedon camera gets a guarantee of sympathetic treatment. Ezra Pound is captured as a tortured soul. Avedon is gentle with Marilyn Monroe, but Oscar Levant is shown as



MARILYN MONROE (1958)



DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER (1964)



TRUMAN CAPOTE (1955)



TRUMAN CAPOTE (1974)

a fading Neanderthal man. The 40-ft.-wide mural of the eleven-member American Mission Council to Saigon (TIME, April 21) during the Viet Nam War (including General Creighton W. Abrams and Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker) can be used as a Rorschach test, asking the viewer to make a judgment of the members' guilt or innocence.

Dark Edges. Like Cartier-Bresson, Avedon gives us everything he and the lens record, including the dark edges of the film itself. This sharp edge forces the eye inward to the details of faces and nuances of expression. Avedon's pictures are lean, made with soft daylight and bounce light against a white, seamless background. They are also stark because of the moment that Avedon tries to capture, as in the 1955 picture of a youthful Truman Capote. He reads the eyes of his subjects, waiting for that second when they reveal the facet of character he wants: he allows an older puffy-faced Capote to stare dully past the viewer; he confronts Igor Stravinsky eyeball to eyeball; and he has Sculptor June Leaf look through him.

This show is not Avedon under full throttle. It is in black and white only (although in his advertising and fashion work he is a master of color). The multi-image strips from the Manhattan Project Co.'s play *Alive in Wonderland* that greet visitors at the gallery entrance are mostly weak pictures. And Avedon, one of the keen observers of the sexual revolution in America, only toys with what he could have said on the subject.

Despite such reservations, the new, mature Avedon seen in this show remains extraordinary. One of his colleagues once said that Avedon was the white mechanical rabbit that all other photographers tried to catch but never did. The rabbit is out on the track again, and he is still ahead of the rest of the field.


John Durniak

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AVEDON

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